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Edited by Sir John Hammerton

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RED ARMY MACHINE GUNNERS engaging the enemy at close quarters in a German-occupied village at the southern end of the vast Eastern Front. Towards the end of July the situation in this sector became increasingly grave for our most gallant allies. "There the question is being decided," said the Soviet newspaper Red Star; "will the enemy succeed in his aims or shall we stop him, delivering such a blow as will clear the road for victory? Can we stop the enemy? The answer is undoubtedly, Yes!" *Photo, Planet News*

NO. 135 WILL BE PUBLISHED FRIDAY, AUGUST 21

ALONG THE BATTLE FRONTS

by Our Military Critic, Maj.-Gen. Sir Charles Gwynn, K.C.B., D.S.O.

In the third week of July the general situation had become grave and alarming. Germany's 1942 offensive had developed in even greater strength than was expected. Although it had been evident that during the winter and spring her air power and armour had been husbanded with extreme economy, it was uncertain how far they would be concentrated for the attainment of a single object.

It is now practically certain that she is staking her whole available offensive strength to secure control of the Caucasian oil supplies both for her own use and to deny them to the Red Army.

The crucial question is whether she will be able to maintain the great effort she is making. She has already spent much on preliminary operations, and the tenacity of the Russians at Voronezh has disturbed the even development of her plans.

Communication between the Russian central armies and the lower Volga has been kept open, and consequently the northern flank of the German drive is not secure. On the other hand, the southern wing of the offensive has made rapid progress in the area between the Donetz and the great loop of the Don. Timoshenko's armies here have been forced to retreat southwards, and his troops west of the Donetz in particular may be cut off.

Much must depend on whether Russian forces which have retreated south retain sufficient fighting capacity to exhaust the impetus of the German advance.

It is conceivable that Timoshenko will not attempt to withdraw his troops west of the Donetz, but leave them to fight it out, accepting the risk of encirclement. If the Germans were held up west of the Donetz for a considerable time, their drive east of the river, with lengthened lines of communication, might lose its momentum. The progress of its main bodies shows signs of becoming slower. Critical as the situation is for our ally, the enemy must have his anxieties. Having played for high stakes, he cannot afford to lose, and the Russians have given evidence of their toughness.

EGYPT In Egypt about the same time the situation was still critical, for although Auchinleck had made a great recovery, there remained an element of uncertainty while Rommel's armour strength remained formidable. Neither side was in a position to take risks: Auchinleck especially so, and his policy of compelling his opponent to expend his resources piecemeal was evidently sound.

During the first week of July the crisis in Egypt reached its peak. It was an anxious question whether Auchinleck would be able to muster sufficient strength to prevent a renewal of Rommel's advance.

By the end of the week it became clear that, temporarily at least, Rommel had shot his bolt. His attempt to rush the defences at El Alamein had been repulsed by the South Africans, and attempts to turn them in the south had been frustrated by mobile columns. But probably the work of the Empire air forces—R.A.F., South African and Australian—was the decisive factor. By maintaining continuous intensive attacks on the enemy's supply columns, airfields and concentrations of troops, and by intervening in actual ground engagements, they accomplished three objects: they left the enemy short of supplies, especially of water; they gave him no opportunity to rest; and they contributed to his discomfiture when he advanced to attack.

During the second week of the month Rommel was therefore compelled to adopt a defensive attitude, though no doubt with the intention of renewing his offensive as soon as he had received reinforcements, developed his supply organization, repaired damaged armour and given his troops rest. His main infantry formations, chiefly Italian, held the coastal road sector; his armour was concentrated behind the centre of his front, while his right, turned sharply back for some 20 miles to protect his communications, was held by mobile detachments and small posts.

THEY FIGHT IN EGYPT

Among the British Regiments of the Eighth Army engaged against Rommel are:

The Coldstream Guards, Scots Guards, Royal Northumberland Fusiliers, Rifle Brigade, King's Royal Rifles, the Worcesters, the Cheshires, the Durham Light Infantry, the East Yorkshires, Green Howards, 1st Royal Dragoons, King's Dragoon Guards, 8th and 10th Hussars, 9th and 12th Lancers, the Queen's Bays, City of London Yeomanry, Royal Gloucester Hussars, 3rd, 5th, 7th, 8th, 42nd, and 44th Royal Tank Regiments, 3rd and 4th Regiments Royal Horse Artillery, H.A.C. (11th Regt. R.H.A.), Royal Artillery field regiments, light and heavy anti-aircraft regiments.

In addition there are the troops from the Empire—New Zealanders, Australians, South Africans and Indians—and the Fighting French.

WESTERN DESERT battlefront on July 19, showing how the 8th Army gained ground in all three sectors. In the battle for the Ruweisat ridge the enemy lost about 25 tanks, chiefly at the hands of our anti-tank gunners on the 6-pounder batteries. *Courtesy of News Chronicle*

Auchinleck did not leave his opponent undisturbed to recover his offensive power. Mobile detachments raided and harried the enemy, and air activity was constantly increased.

On July 10 he made his first move to recover ground by advancing his right about five miles to Tel el Eisa. It is not yet clear whether this was in order to add depth to his position or to forestall an attack. The operation, which had a definitely limited

If at this time Auchinleck had received sufficient fresh reinforcements, and had had armour in adequate quantity, there would have been an obvious opportunity for a counter-offensive on a major scale against Rommel's tired force. But the Eighth Army was still very exhausted, and reinforcements, especially of armour, were not yet sufficient to justify an attempt which if it failed would have disastrous consequences, and which if it succeeded could not be relentlessly exploited.

TANKS ON THE MOVE in the forward areas of the North African battlefield. While the British armoured units manoeuvre across the desert under a sun so intense that the outside steel becomes too hot to touch and the inside is a suffocating inferno, the R.A.F. supports the advance with a terrific and relentless barrage on aerodromes and landing-grounds nearest the battlefield. By the middle of July the main British armour was in place along the central positions facing the bulk of Rommel's Panzers. *Photo, British Official: Crown Copyright*

objective, was very successful, 2,000 prisoners, mainly Italian, and some guns being captured, and commanding ground occupied.

In the following days the enemy made a number of counter-attacks, both by day and night, using tanks to support his infantry, but without committing his main armoured force. It was a period of confused fighting in which ground was lost and recovered in a series of attacks and counter-attacks, but in the end our troops remained in possession of the essential features they had captured.

WHILE this fighting about Tel el Eisa was still in progress, on July 14 Auchinleck struck again 10 miles farther south, penetrating the Axis positions on the low Ruweisat ridge, which runs for some eight miles parallel to the coast.

Although not a strongly marked feature, the ridge commands a wide view, and Rommel evidently attached importance to it, for he counter-attacked violently. This time he called on his carefully husbanded Panzer divisions, and our own armour intervened to support the infantry in the positions they had captured. A tank battle, which at one time seemed likely to develop into a decisive test of armoured strength, ensued, and went on throughout the 15th and 16th, to be followed by a lull. Both sides had suffered casualties, but neither had a preponderance of strength sufficient to justify taking risks in forcing an issue; and neither had made mistakes in manoeuvre which could not be rectified by evasion.

Rommel had nevertheless been forced to expend much of the reserve supplies he had been attempting to accumulate, and to bring into action reserves of his air force and armour which he had evidently been husbanding for a major operation.

IT is clear that the tank battle developed from a comparatively minor operation, and that neither commander had deliberately planned a far-reaching operation. With Alexandria so close behind him, Auchinleck obviously must act cautiously. Rommel, on the other hand, may risk an early decision, for with his long line of communications exposed to air attack he can hardly hope to receive reinforcement on a scale which would compensate for the deterioration of his army due to wastage from attrition and summer conditions in the desert.

If he does not feel strong enough to renew his offensive within a short period it seems probable that he may be compelled to withdraw, possibly to Mersa Matruh, where conditions would be more favourable for building up his strength and where he would be less vulnerable to harassing attacks. The superiority which our air forces have established and their increased range of action, due to the appearance of American heavy bombers, are becoming a vital factor in the situation: for it must affect the rate at which Rommel can receive accessions to his strength and the conditions under which his troops have to live.

RUSSIA

The first three weeks of July saw a grave deterioration of the situation in Russia. The German claim to have captured Voronezh was soon proved to be premature, but by reckless expenditure of life Von Bock by the middle of the month had succeeded in crossing the Don in strength and in forming a strong bridgehead that included a footing in the town. And from the neighbourhood of Orel to this point he had established a defensive front which protected his left flank from counter-attack by Zhukov's armies.

The intensity of the fighting testified to the importance both sides attached to Voronezh. If the Germans captured it they would secure one of the few places where a railway crosses the Don and can be used for the maintenance of an army operating east of the river.. From Voronezh an army could either strike south, turning the Don defences, or strike east, interrupting the railways which run from the Volga river ports to the Moscow region, while at the same time prolonging the northern defensive flank of the offensive. The Russian counter-attacks, which not only denied Voronezh to the enemy but endangered the German troops that had crossed the river, represented therefore a most encouraging success.

RUSSIAN FRONT. The enemy armies were heroically held by Timoshenko at Voronezh, but farther south they gained ground in their drive towards Stalingrad, and the Russians announced on July 19 that Voroshilovgrad had been abandoned. *Courtesy of Daily Sketch*

Unfortunately, the German drive from the Kharkov region achieved much more than that from the Kursk front. Having crossed the Oskol at Kupiansk it advanced rapidly eastwards to the Don and south-eastwards through the great tract of corn-growing country between the Don and Donetz, which at this season offered a perfect surface for Panzer tactics.

ONCE the line of the Oskol was lost, there was no other obstacle which could be held till the Don was reached. The Russians therefore retreated, rearguards fighting tenaciously and leaving small centres of resistance which, holding out to the last, delayed the German main bodies. In their advance the Germans overran the very important Moscow-Rostov railway, which had provided the main lateral communication between the northern and southern Russian armies. They made no attempt, however, to cross the Don, but swung southwards, aiming at isolating the whole of Timoshenko's left wing in the Donetz basin and cutting its vital railway communication with Stalingrad. Up to July 22 no attack was made from the west towards Rostov, but the Russians in the Donetz basin were under heavy pressure from the north. Clearly there was a danger that the whole of the rich territory west of the Don would fall into German hands, and Russian troops there, even if they made good their retreat, would lose their main sources of supply. Would they in such circumstances be able to check a German advance into Caucasia or across the Don towards Stalingrad?

The successful resistance at Voronezh should enable reinforcements to reach Stalingrad and the line of the Don in that neighbourhood, but the importance of protecting traffic on the great Volga waterway which carries oil to the north cannot be overestimated. The stand at Voronezh may, therefore, prove a decisive factor in the further development of the situation.

MARSHAL VON BOCK, commander of the German armies assailing Voronezh and Rostov, listens to a description of the fighting given by Gen. Lindemann, in command of an infantry division (top). The railway lines between Taganrog and Orel are the object of the most bitter contest; the lower photo shows Red Army men defending a vital sector.
Photos, Ministry of Information, Sport & General

The Eighth Army Goes Into Action in Egypt

WITH AUCHINLECK'S INTREPID ARMY. 1. British troops cautiously approach a burning enemy supply truck. 2. Men of the Rifle Brigade in an advance Motor Brigade column sent to locate and harass enemy supply lines; a raiding party such as this may be away for days at a time. 3. Digging a pit for a 3·7 A.A. gun. 4. Radioed picture showing an infantryman creeping forward to the attack under heavy shelling. 5. Scots Guards advancing under cover of tanks at El Alamein.

Photos, British Official: Crown Copyright

At Alamein Rommel's Drive Was Halted

ON THE DESERT BATTLEFIELD. Top, El Alamein, which, although it consists only of a railway station and a few poor dwellings, has given its name to one of the great battles of the War. Centre, tanks being moved up to the front on special transport lorries. Bottom, enemy prisoners seen as they marched into our lines; one British soldier sufficed as an escort to the long column of battle-weary and discouraged men.

Photos, British Official: Crown Copyright

Five Years: China's Great Fight For Freedom

On July 7 China entered upon the sixth year of her heroic resistance to the Japanese invader. The struggle which the Japanese referred to at first half-contemptuously as an "incident" has developed into one of the longest and most bitterly contested wars of modern times.

NOT many of us worried very much about China in those summer months of 1937 when the Japanese, having spent half-a-dozen years in digesting Manchuria marched into the northern provinces of China proper. Reading of the skirmish between little parties of Japanese and Chinese troops at Marco Polo bridge, a few miles from Peiping, we thought that it was just a skirmish, one more inconsiderable clash in a long period of Sino-Japanese friction. Yet those few shots fired in the half-light five years ago have led to the death and mutilation of millions, the devastation of provinces as big as some European countries, the burning of great cities and of an uncountable multitude of villages, death and rape and arson on a scale hardly approached in all the many bloodstained and fire scorched pages of history.

That was on July 7, 1937. Five years have passed, and the sound of those few shots is still reverberating through the hills and across the seemingly boundless plains of China. At the outset it looked as if the Japanese would have it all their own way; vastly superior in equipment and training, if not in numbers, they drove the undisciplined hordes of the Chinese levies before them, and by the end of the war's first month claimed to be in full possession of both Tientsin and Peiping. But as the months passed Chinese resistance stiffened. For five tremendous weeks they strove desperately to hold Shanghai, losing 150,000 men in the process: Blasted out of the great port by Japanese bombers, guns, and tanks, they made a fresh stand at Nanking; and when that, too, fell they continued the fight as they withdrew up the Yangtze valley to Hankow. In October 1938, when we were still feeling relieved, if more than a little disgusted, at the results of the Munich Conference, Hankow was captured by the Japanese, and a few days later fell Canton, the great commercial metropolis of the south. But after these speedy and spectacular triumphs Japan found increasing difficulty in overcoming the opposition of Chiang Kai-shek's regulars and of the great host of irregulars who kept up the struggle within territory which, on the map, was included within the sphere of Japanese occupation.

CHINA, showing (shaded) the areas occupied by the Japanese in the course of five years of war. In recent weeks the invaders have launched a new offensive designed to secure the vertical railways from Manchukuo to Canton and the bulge in Chekiang to Japan, whence planes might set out to bomb the Japanese cities.

FOR it must be emphasized that much of Japan's conquests are "paper": she has neither the men nor the material to hold down and exploit the huge areas invaded by her armies, and perforce has to content herself with maintaining control of the seaports, industrial centres, principal railway junctions, and the vital strategic points born of China's geography. Thus it is that Chinese courts still hold sway far within territories that are nominally Japanese, and Chinese guerilla bands keep up the war in regions which have been "conquered" long ago. So vast is China, indeed, that there are some districts even near the main war zone where Japanese soldiers are still an unfamiliar sight.

But there is not a town, not a village or hamlet in the country, wrote The Times correspondent in Chungking recently, which has not learnt in the past five years to dread the drone of enemy bombers. The aeroplane has brought the war home to the dwellings of the remotest glens of the far interior. "I have heard a Chinese woman silence a crying child with the admonition, '*Fei chi, Fei chi*' (planes, planes), much as English mothers in Border castles were wont to chide errant children by reminding them of Black Douglas."

And there, it is suggested, we have one of the chief causes of Japan's undoing. China has seen many invasions during the last four thousand years or so; many conquerors have come, and some of them have stayed long enough to be absorbed in the vast Chinese mass. But for the most part the conquerors have taken care to respect the lives and ways of the great bulk of the population; seldom if ever have they resorted to mass terrorism. But the Japanese have brought a new sort of war to China, one far more terrible, far more universal. The story of the bombing of defenceless cities has horrified the peace-loving and eminently civilized Chinese; and even worse in Chinese eyes is the tale of horror of occupied areas, carried far and wide throughout the country by the millions of refugees. To quote another sentence from The Times correspondent, "Nothing can diminish the loathing with which the Chinese view the bestial attacks on their women, especially in a country where not long ago adultery was punished by burial alive amidst the execrations of the villagers."

Huns and Tartars, Mongols and Manchus: worse, far worse, than the worst of these invaders of the past are the Japanese of today. Slaughters and burnings may be forgotten, if not forgiven; but the humiliations and obscenities, the horrible happenings that accompanied—to take but one instance—the sack of Nanking, can never be wiped from the memory of a great and proud, albeit peaceful, people. Small wonder, then, that again this year the Double Seventh—the seventh day of the seventh month, the anniversary of the incident of July 7, 1937—was made the occasion for great demonstrations of national unity and resolve to continue the struggle until China's soil is purged of the invader's hateful presence.

BUT *can* China continue the war, if not indefinitely, at least for years? In the past five years she has paid a terrible price. Up to the end of 1941—up to the end of the period, that is, when China was grappling single-handed with the arch-aggressor of the Orient—the Chinese Army had suffered the loss of six millions killed and wounded; as for the losses inflicted upon the civilian population and the extent of the material damage, no estimates can be forthcoming: they cannot be computed in figures or expressed in words. Yet still China has continued the fight; nor in drawing up the balance sheet of the five years of war do we find nothing to be placed on the credit side.

Only since 1937 has China risen to the full heights of her nationhood; the Revolution that began in 1911 gave her strength, the war with Japan has given her unity—unity such as has not been hers for many a hundred years. Again, though the war has ravaged more than a quarter of her territory, though much that the Japanese have not destroyed the Chinese themselves have "scorched," in spite of all these things China today is, in some ways, economically stronger and more sound. No longer is industry concentrated along the eastern seaboard and in the Treaty Ports which were under foreign dominance: the stern necessities of war have led to vast migrations of industry as of people, so that today provinces which five years ago were the most backward and benighted now lead the way in industrial development, in education, and in all the arts of cultured existence.

THESE things are to the good, and they are full of encouragement—but not for the immediate future. China is weary and hard pressed: she must have help, and that help her allies of the United Nations are ready to give. But how? All the Chinese coastline is in Japanese hands, not one of her many ports is functioning save for the enemy's ships. On land, too, the situation is black. Indo-China was a door, but that was closed last year. Then there was the Burma Road, well described as China's lifeline; but it is a lifeline no longer, since the Japanese have overrun Burma.

True, other routes are being developed—from U.S.S.R. through Sinkiang to Lanchow; from Sadiya in Assam (British India) to Chungking across the mountains; and from Lhasa in Tibet to Chengtu. But of these only the first is stated to be in actual use, and that involves a haul of thousands of miles across largely unpeopled desert, so that camels and donkeys have to be relied upon rather than motor lorries. Then there is the air; it has been estimated that a fleet of 150 large transport planes, operating from bases in India, each carrying 75 tons per month, could make good the loss to China of the Burma Road.

The Chinese, it has been stated, are holding down 31 Japanese divisions, more than 600,000 men; and only from China can the Japanese islands and cities be bombed. But there is here more than a selfish interest. Out of the darkness and loss and bitter disappointments of these weary years of war China shines like a beacon of hope, holding out the promise of a better and fuller life for all the many millions of common humanity.

E. ROYSTON PIKE

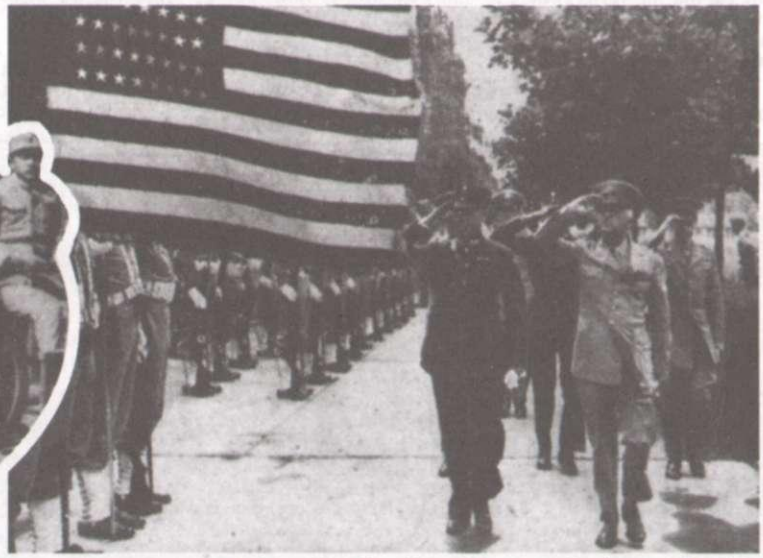
Since 1937 They Have Kept the Japs at Bay

CHINESE GIRLS—like this nurse, a member of the American Baptist Surgical Unit, tending an injured soldier behind the lines—have been at the front for five years.

Air-raid cave shelter at Chungking, capital of Free China, into which the young population cheerfully stream when an alert warns them of the approach of Japanese bombers.

Smiling girl students of Lingkiang College who, when they were evacuated from Shanghai, set up new quarters with their own hands at Chungking, built a road, and levelled athletic grounds.

Below, Gen. Hsiung Shih-Fei, head of the Chinese Military Mission in Washington, and Lt.-Gen. Hugh Drum, commanding the U.S. First Army, salute the American flag in New York.



DISABLED CHINESE SOLDIERS work at cooperative wool-spinning (above). Centre oval, Adm. Chen Shao-Kwan is seen standing between Lt.-Col. McHugh, U.S. Naval Attaché, and Brig. Grimsdale, British Military Attaché, just after he had accepted the gift of three gunboats at Chungking. One, U.S.S. Tutuila, was the last remaining American warship in Free China waters; the others were H.M.S. Falcon and H.M.S. Gannet. These vessels once patrolled the Yangtse with their guns pointed against the Chinese, protecting their own nationals; now they point at the invaders of China and are manned by Chinese sailors.

Photos, British Official; The Daily Mirror, L.N.A., Keystone

THE WAR IN THE AIR

by Capt. Norman Macmillan, M.C., A.F.C.

THE air war has raged without interruption over the Far East, in the Australasian zone, on the Russian front (where our allies estimate that more than 3,000 enemy aircraft were destroyed during the two months' fighting for Sevastopol and Voronezh), in North Africa, Malta, Western Europe, and the Arctic, where German bombers attacked an Archangel-bound convoy for several days.

The seriousness of shipping losses to the United Nations' supply lines was stressed by the holding of a secret session of Parliament, and during the period under review—from Saturday July 4 to Friday 17—Bomber Command continued its counter-offensive against the German submarine campaign and Axis shipping supply lines.

Details became known about the attack on Bremen on the night of July 2/3 by a force which included Halifax, Stirling, and Lancaster bombers. In the space of half-an-hour the bombers shot down two enemy fighters, and left widespread fires behind them, especially in the dock area. One Halifax, thrown on to its back by a shellburst while making a steeply banked turn, went into a spin, but its pilot righted his heavy craft (a tribute to British design) and went on to drop his load.

Wilhelmshaven was raided on July 8/9; 4,000-lb. bombs were dropped. This was the first official intimation of the use of bombs of this size by the R.A.F. Large four-engined bombers have made it possible to use these bombs, whose destructive effect causes havoc over a wide area. The Ruhr, including Duisburg, a large port on the Rhine, was pounded on the night of July 13/14. These were the three main night attacks during a period when weather interfered with operations.

ON July 11 Lancasters attacked Danzig in daylight. The Lancaster is fast; she sounds like a train roaring through a tunnel. The Germans must loathe the sound of these aircraft passing over their heads. Flying through thunderclouds rising from 800 feet to 15,000 feet, the aircraft were iced-up and charged with static electricity. Some had to turn back, but a strong force reached Danzig before twilight, and dived low over the submarine yards (where as many as fifteen submarines can be fitted out simultaneously) and left fires after the bomb-bursts. Theirs was a flight of 1,700 miles.

A simultaneous attack was made on Flensburg, the Baltic submarine port, close to the Danish frontier. This daylight attack was repeated on the 16th, and Stirlings bombed submarine yards near Lübeck. On the same day the Ruhr was also attacked in daylight by single aircraft. During four nights of this period mines were laid in enemy waters.

Twenty-nine bombers were lost in all operations.

ON July 4 (American Independence Day) United States' crews cooperated for the first time with Bomber Command. Twelve Bostons, six manned by U.S. crews, set out, and attacked the Dutch airfields of Hamstede, Alkmaar, and Valkenburg, concentrating their bombs and bullets on hangars, administrative buildings, and dispersal points. Two of the American-manned aircraft and one of the British were lost.

Two remarkable sea rescues are worthy of record. Pilot Officer Holbrooke Mahn was piloting his R.C.A.F. Hampden bomber off the Frisian Islands at about 200-300 feet when one engine failed. There was no time to jettison the bombs before the Hampden hit the water with a crash. The rubber dinghy opened. But there was no food and only two quarts of water. On the eighth day the navigator died, on the ninth the gunner. On the thirteenth day the pilot caught and killed a seagull, sucked its blood and ate the fish in its gut. That bird saved his life. He was picked up next day, weak, but still alive.

On July 8 an anti-submarine patrol Whitley bomber of Coastal Command came down in the Bay of Biscay 100 miles from the Spanish coast. A second Whitley sighted smoke from a Very cartridge fired from the dinghy. Other Whitleys kept watch, lost the dinghy in the night, picked it up again in the morning. A Sunderland went out. It spotted the smoke of the last Very cartridge possessed by the dinghy's crew. The flying boat made a tricky landing on a nasty swell, and the crew of six from the Whitley were taken aboard and flown home after a 24-hours' drift.

A Catalina flying-boat had a duel with a U-boat in the Mediterranean. The Catalina's bombs beat the U-boat's guns, and the submarine sank stern first. The Catalina attempted to alight to pick up about 30 survivors, hit a tremendous swell, broke her hull, but got into the air again and limped home—without the survivors.

Heavy air fighting in the El Alamein area of the Western Desert brought cooperation between air and ground forces to a new peak of efficiency. Bombers raided Benghazi, Tobruk, and many other places. Ground-fighting forces saw the enemy being pounded from the air just ahead of their positions by our bombers and fighter-bombers. During one period of 24 hours 130 bombers, escorted by 127 fighters, attacked enemy concentrations south-west of El Alamein; 75 Kittyhawk bombers attacked transport on El Daba aerodrome; 166 Spitfires and Hurricanes carried out sweeps at hourly intervals over the battle area; at night 84 Wellingtons, eight Liberators, and six Blenheims bombed motor transport concentrated in the El Daba area and shipping off Benghazi. On July 10 Allied fighters went over wave after wave for hours on end. Beaufighters attacked troop transport aircraft and enemy shipping creeping along the coast. The battle continues . . .

Wing-Cdr. 'PADDY' FINUCANE, D.S.O., D.F.C., whose death was announced on July 17. The radiator of his Spitfire was hit by a machine-gun on the French dunes when returning from the biggest fighter sweep ever made, and crashed into the sea. Finucane, Britain's fighter ace and victor of 32 air combats, was only 21. *Photo, Sport & General*

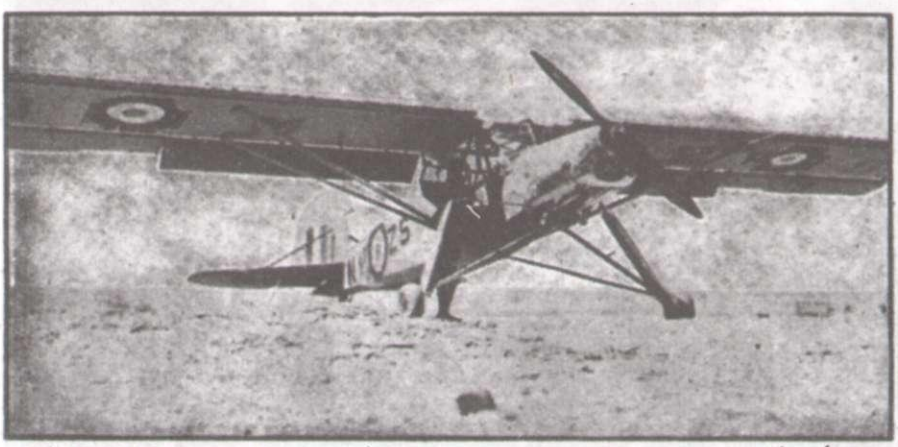
A South African Air Force fighter squadron encountered 14 Stukas about to peel off into a dive on one of our positions. The Stukas were escorted by fighter aircraft. The S.A. Hurricanes waded in, led by 28-year-old Cape Town Major Le Mesurier, crashed 13 Stukas and one Messerschmitt 109 in a few seconds—a record!

DURING the first eleven days of July 83 enemy aircraft were destroyed over Malta, where the battle of attrition from the air continues; 78 aircraft (of which 29 were bombers) were shot down by our fighters. We lost 21 fighters, but saved nine of their pilots.

The first Czech fighter squadron with the R.A.F. is now two years old; it flies cannon-gun and machine-gun Spitfires, and has destroyed 43 enemy aircraft. Altogether Czech pilots have destroyed 118 enemy aeroplanes.

The second anniversary of Polish Air Force day was July 16. On July 3, when German aircraft attempted a raid on the Midlands, No. 303 Polish Squadron shot down two Junkers 88s. This squadron has the second highest score in Fighter Command. Up to July 15, 1942, its bag was 175 enemy aircraft; more than 100 were destroyed in the Battle of Britain with Hurricanes; it now has Spitfires. Polish 302 Squadron, formed in August 1940, shot down 35 enemy aircraft up to July 15. Polish fighter pilots have destroyed 464 enemy aircraft altogether.

During June Fighter Command and anti-aircraft guns accounted for 83 enemy aircraft; intruder patrols destroyed 12 enemy bombers over bases in Europe, bringing the score to 31 for the first six months of 1942. During June 69 fighters were lost by Fighter Command; five pilots were saved.



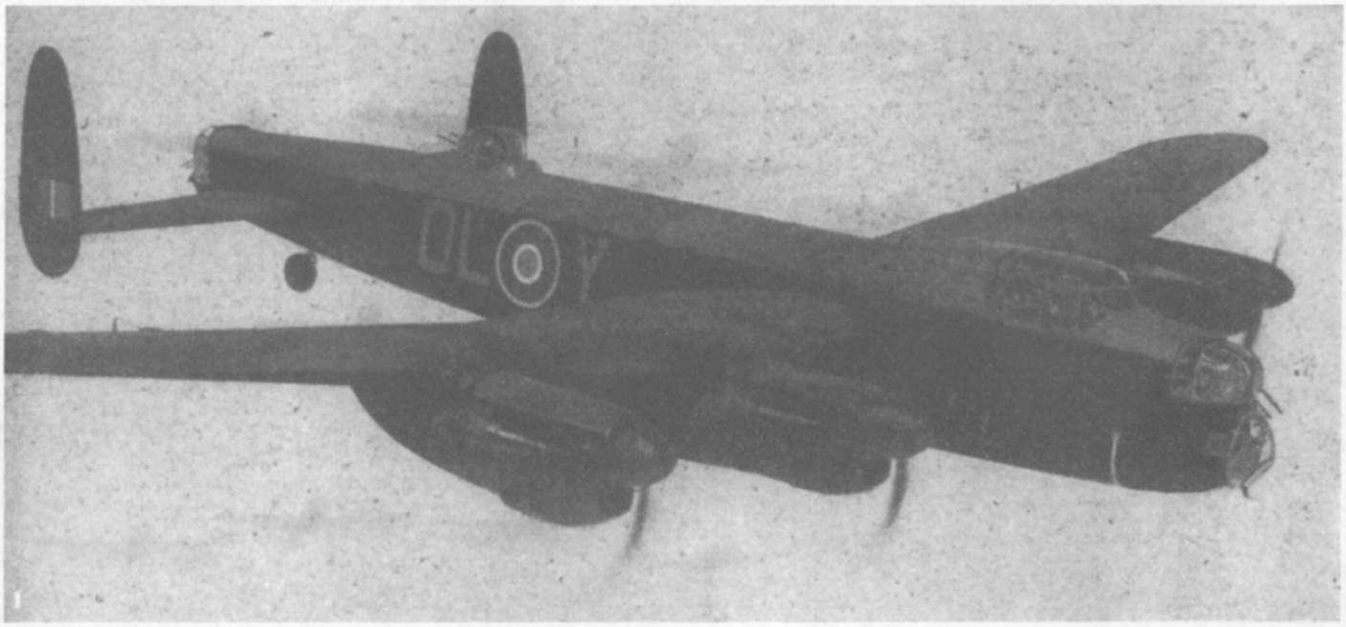
THIS FIESELER STORCH German aircraft, captured on the field of battle, is now used by the R.A.F. for reconnaissance purposes and air-to-ground cooperation in the Egyptian battle zone. The Fieseler Storch is a high-winged monoplane, so built that the pilot can take off or land within a distance of little more than 50 yards. Rommel uses one at the front in Egypt. *Photo, British Official*

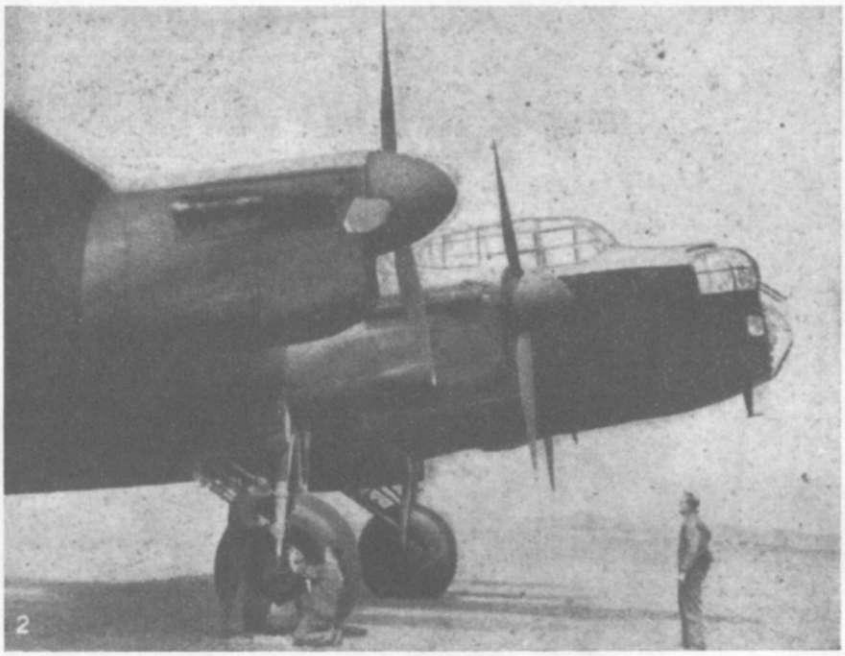
War's Whirlwind Sweeps the Summer Sky

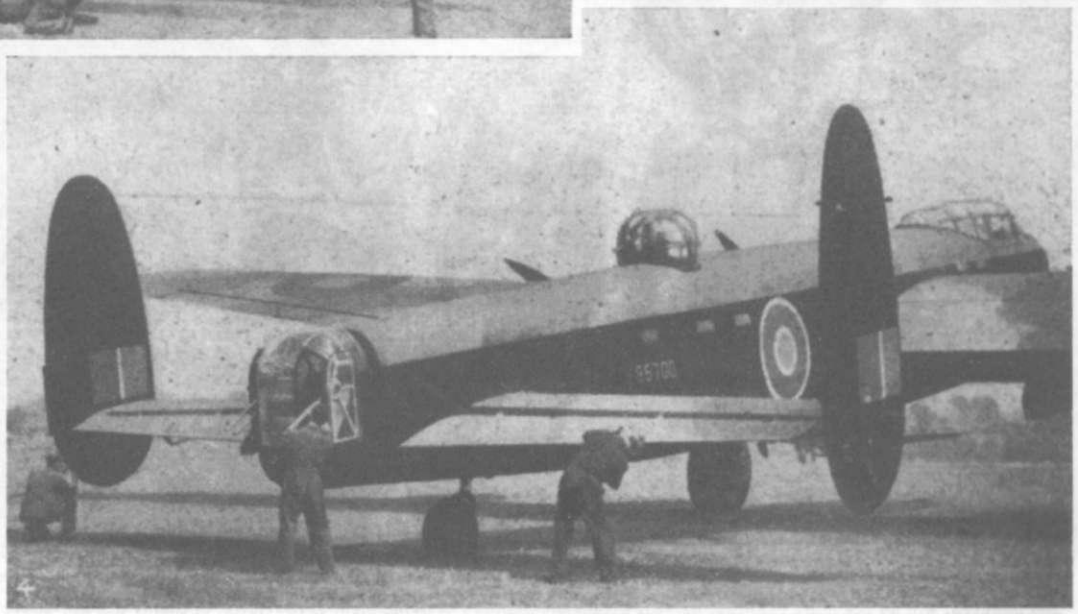
IN ENGLAND NOW it is the time of harvest. A farmer pulls up his team as a formation of Coastal Command aircraft roar above the field on their way to make a sweep over Northern France. From the peace of the sun-bathed countryside, where the grain is being garnered, in what it is hoped, and believed, will be the most bountiful harvest within the memory of living men, to the clatter of enemy ack-ack above the damaged French ports, is a matter of minutes only.

Photo, The Daily Mirror

Lancasters Flew 1,750 Miles to Danzig and Back







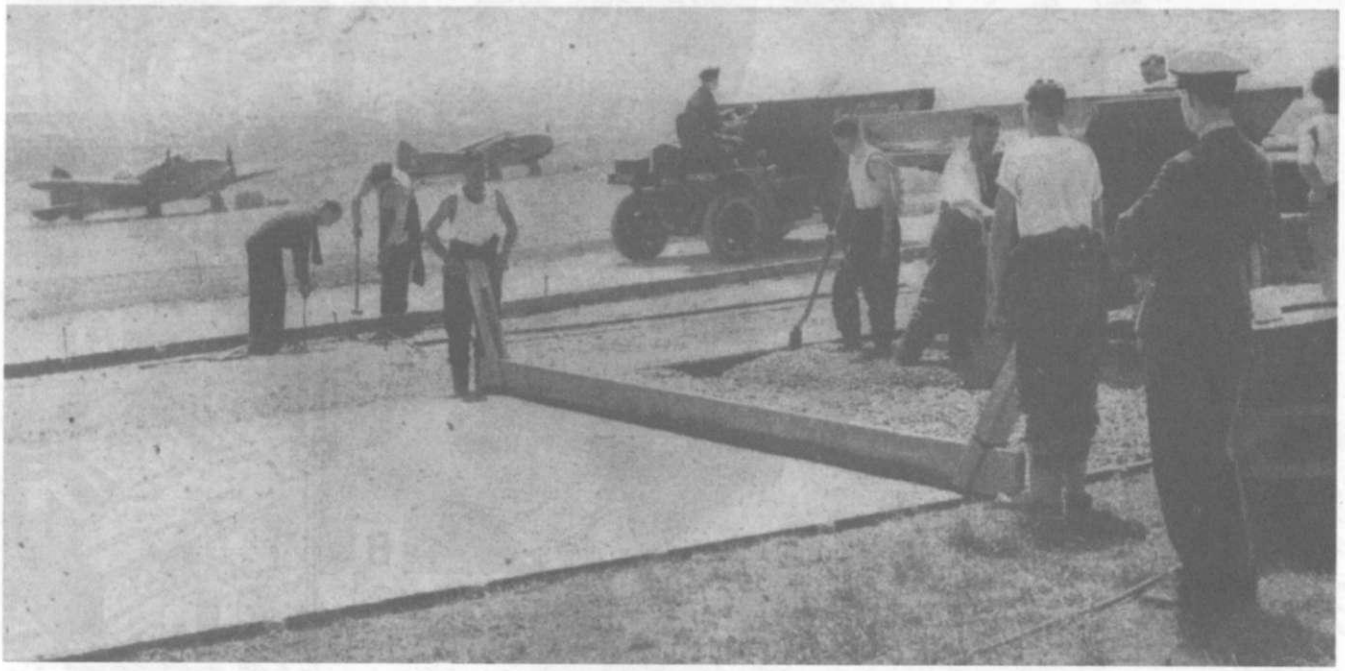
AVRO LANCASTER is Britain's latest heavy bomber. Its dimensions are: span, 102 ft. ; length, 69 ft. ; height on ground, 19 ft. 7 in. Maximum speed, about 300 m.p.h. The engines are four Rolls-Royce Merlins ; three-bladed constant speed air-screws are fitted. Like the Stirling and Halifax the Lancaster has power-operated nose, tail, and dorsal gun turrets.

Lancasters were used for the famous daylight raid on the submarine diesel-engine plant at Augsburg in April, and on July 11 several squadrons made daylight flights to Danzig and Flensburg on the Baltic. These photographs show (1) an Avro Lancaster in flight ; (2) the pilot's cockpit and the front gun turret above the bomb aimer's position ; (3) the dorsal gun turret ; and (4) rear view.

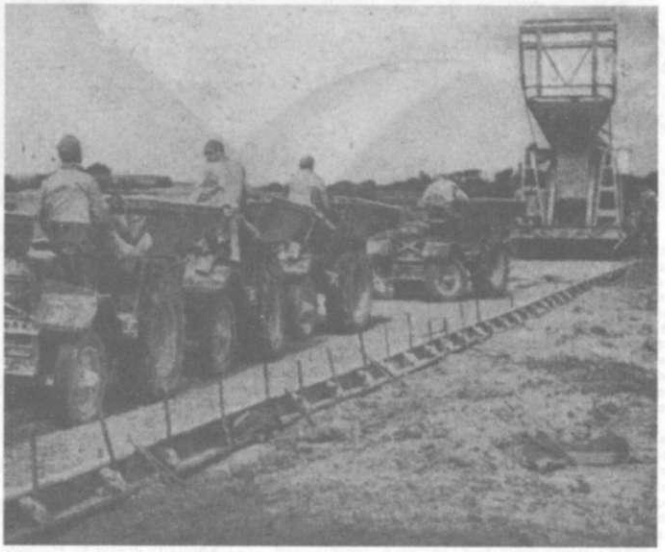
Photos, British Official; G.P.U.

Yet More Airfields in Britain's Countryside

WORKS SERVICE SQUADRONS have been established in the R.A.F., their job being the repair, maintenance, and extension of aerodromes. Above, filling in a bomb crater ; right, laying a metal track runway.



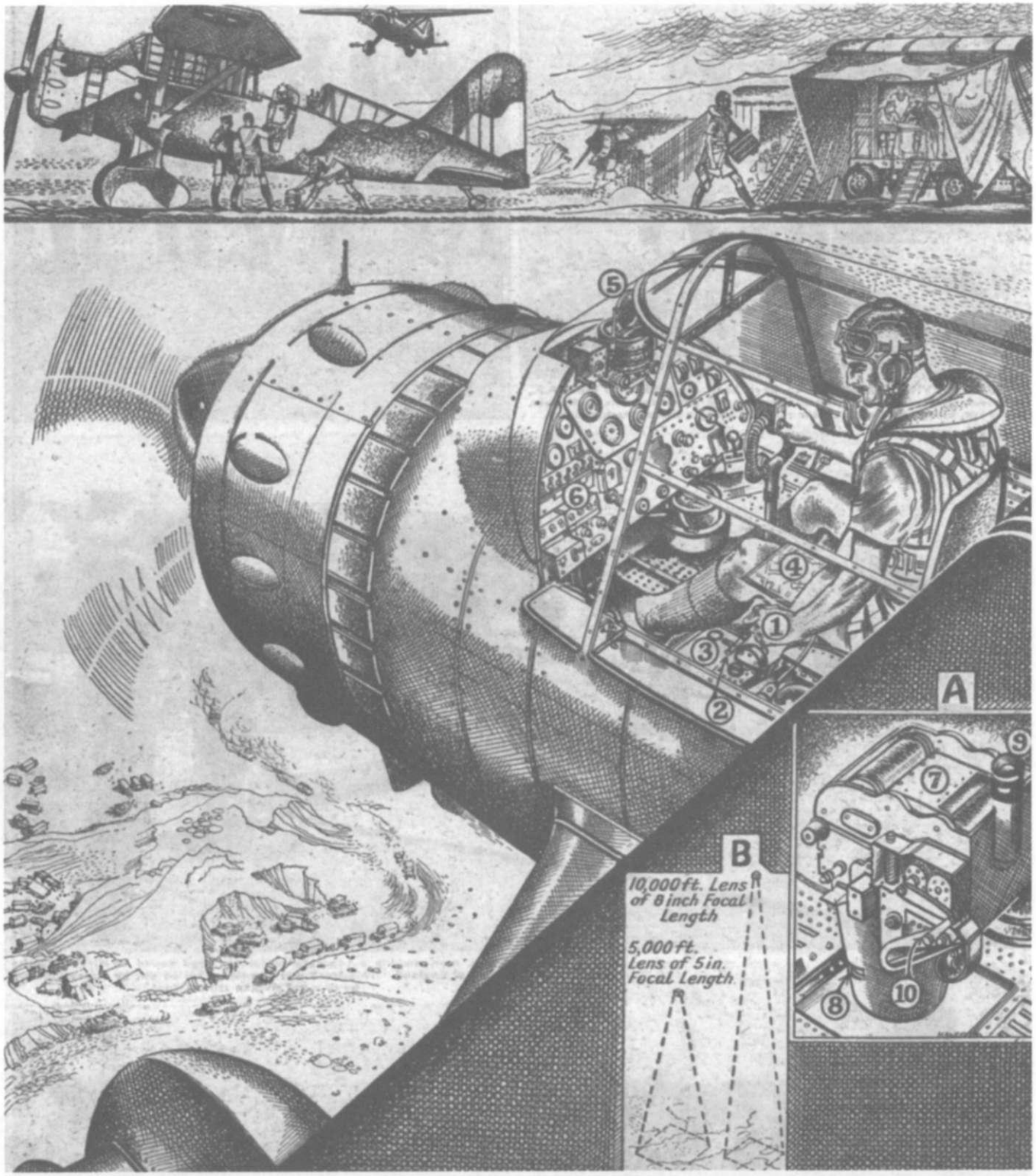
R.A.F. men making a concrete perimeter road round an airfield in the West of England. This work was formerly carried out by Army units or by firms of civilian contractors.



CANADIAN ARMY ENGINEERS constructing an airport in Great Britain. Above, travelling concrete machine making a runway ; right, sand and cement are brought in trucks to feed the giant machine.

Photos, Planet News, Sport & General

Eyes of the Army ~ And Much More Besides



ARMY-R.A.F. COOPERATION was in its infancy during the Battle of France in the summer of 1940, and after Dunkirk many hard words were said by Tommies who failed to understand why they had seen so few aircraft supporting them in action. But some time after the fall of France the Army Cooperation Command of the R.A.F. was formed, and as a result liaison between the two Services has been greatly improved. Many of the Army Coopera aircraft are piloted by officers who have been seconded from the Army to the R.A.F.

Every Army Commander must know what the enemy is doing, where his strength is being massed, and where his strongest fortifications are in defence. This information, and much more besides, is provided by the Army Cooperation squadrons, and the large drawing above shows the pilot of a Westland Lysander Army Cooperation plane—one of the several types used for this work—observing and photographing an enemy position. His left hand is grasping the control knob (1), which operates the electrically-driven camera placed farther back in the plane. As he does this he is looking down through the camera sighting device (2), which is trained through a lens in the floor (3). The pilot has his map handy (4), and the compass is just in front of him. The small button on top of the control stick fires the forward machine-guns, and the gun sight is at (5). The row of switches (6) are for bomb selection. Besides the pilot there is an air gunner in the rear, but the main protection is provided by an escort of fighter planes.

DIAGRAM (A) shows details of the camera, which weighs about 35 lb., and takes photographs automatically, varying the shutter interval according to the height of the plane and its ground speed, so that each exposure overlaps slightly the preceding one. The magazine carrying 125 exposures is seen at (7), the lens position and control at (8). As shown in this diagram, the camera is fixed pointing vertically downwards, to take photographs for map-making purposes; but it may also be hand-operated for taking views at oblique angles. In this case the sighting apparatus (9) is used; the hand-operating handle is at (10).

DIAGRAM (B) shows the differing areas photographed by the camera at varying heights. Lenses with focal lengths up to 20 in. are used for great heights.

The topmost drawing shows the scene when the pilot has returned to his base. The rear gunner is handing over the camera to the ground staff, who will develop the contents in quick time in their mobile developing van. The pilot is seen carrying his maps to the H.Q. of the Air Intelligence liaison officer.

Specially drawn by Haworth for THE WAR ILLUSTRATED

Russia Burnt and Blasted by the Fire of War

IN THE CRIMEA, three of the last inhabitants leaving the battered city of Kerch after the Russian High Command ordered its evacuation (top). Centre, bowed with fatigue and melancholy, a Russian family in the Ukraine drags the harrow over a field which has now to be tilled for the benefit of the conquerors. Bottom, a single German soldier flees to shelter in a wrecked Russian town from which the Nazis are being driven by artillery counter-attack.

Photos, Planet News, Keystone, New York Times Photos

UNDER THE SWASTIKA

Sidelights on Life and Things in France Today

A celebrated Frenchman of letters, who has written widely in the critical journals of Paris and London and did work of the greatest value to Anglo-French relationships during the War of 1914-18, sends us these interesting notes on values as they obtain today in the France of Hitler and Laval. We give the article here as the first of a new feature dealing with life in the occupied and Nazi-dominated countries.

MISINFORMATION may have many sources other than those fed so bounteously by Dr. Goebbels, and some of them perfectly guileless. Things are said in good faith which by repetition start rumours completely opposed to the facts. I read lately in a popular London daily that many fine villas on the French Riviera are being sold "dirt cheap." It was in a reported conversation with a tennis champion just returned from Unoccupied France. This lady added that English people were extremely well treated there, a point on which all travellers concur.

But I was the more surprised at what she said concerning these dirt-cheap villas, as a few days before I had met a Frenchman recently escaped from Occupied France. He is a businessman, little prone to flights of imagination, and a stickler for realities. We had been talking about trade and finance under the German invader, and he gave me some reliable facts. According to the examples he quoted, there has been an amazing increase in the value of landed property. He told me of various properties which we both knew; one near Issoudun, in the centre of France, fat land, fertile in wheat, which had been sold for ten thousand francs an acre, and another in Normandy, pasture and apple orchards, which had reached twenty thousand francs, these figures being respectively five and ten times their pre-war values. A whole estate near Lyons, with a big house and extensive farm buildings, which had been bought for 380,000 francs in 1936, changed hands a few months ago for two million francs!

'THE LAUGHING BUCCANEER': Laval as a French cartoonist sees him, with swastikas decorating his collar, tie and cuffs, and the Nazi emblem superimposed on the miniature French flag over which he gloats. The original drawing was received by the B.B.C. from Montpellier on April 25.

WHY, then, should villas on the Riviera go for "dirt prices"? It was hard to believe, with all respect to the alleged statements of the tennis star, so I resolved to verify my doubts. As in the case of all wishful thinking, that was easier said than done. For a time I had no notion where to find credible information. I came across that by chance.

There is a place in London where privileged professional people can see quite a number of the current French daily papers. There I go regularly to perusé them, not that I would say I read them, from the "Premier Paris," or rather "Premier Vichy"—i.e. the editorial leader, as they say in England—to the classified advertisements, or "smalls." The news is usually out of date and the comments more or less insidious, in the Paris papers especially, and no wonder their French readers hardly believe a word of what they print. Their advertisement columns, however, are revealing and instructive. Indeed, it is there that the future historian may find an exhaustive documentation on many subjects essential to the writing of a complete history of the present economic and political vicissitudes of my unhappy country.

French dailies have never carried a display of advertisements comparable with the English press, although provincial papers devote a much larger proportion of their space than those of Paris to advertisements. Advertising experts agree that the contrast is explained by the fact that the French public is restive to any sort of propaganda; they smell a rat at any "réclame," any puff or boost.

At the present time there is such a shortage of every kind of goods that most traders have nothing to boost and do not advertise. It is the other way about: the customer asks for second-hand articles. In the provincial papers, which are published in a single sheet, the classified advertisements—and these are very few—concern chiefly agricultural equipment, factory machinery, millwright work, tools and plant that are no more to be found in the shops. Farmers advertise also for farmhands, who are very scarce since most of them are war-prisoners.

IN the Paris newspapers employment bureaux insert alluring offers for skilled labour; and the more alluring they sound the more likely are they to be inserted for the benefit of German manufacturers. Sometimes you come upon some queer item when people in want of cash offer such articles as furs, clocks, watches, furniture, "a pair of shoes nearly new, size 9," and "nearly new" also, "a lounge suit for a young man." Hotels also advertise unobtrusively for holidays, but none on the Channel and Atlantic coasts, and very few on the Mediterranean coast. All mention "cuisine soignée" and "normal provisioning," whatever it may mean in this time of restrictions and rationing. No doubt the black market comes into play here.

Then, opening the Figaro, I discovered unexpectedly the customary column of special advertisements under the heading "Immeubles à vendre." I turned to the Temps: there it was, too, just as before the war. Remembering the assertions of the tennis champion, I went eagerly through the lists of those "real estates for sale," and found that a good many were situated on the Riviera. As the properties were to be auctioned through a law official, an "avoué" or a "notaire," an upset price was mentioned, and it was easy to calculate that it was not "dirt cheap"! Compared with pre-war prices, the proportion was five and six times as much, and no final at that.

What is the explanation? Owing chiefly to the crushing indemnity that France has to fork out daily to the invader, currency is increasing in huge proportions, and the value of money deteriorating accordingly. People who are making profits are chary of keeping their paper money, which when peace comes will not even be worth the paper it is printed on, nor are they trusting transferable securities. So they turn to "real estate," whose value can but increase, especially if it is producing crops, ploughed land, grazing land, woodland and vineyards. That, with manual labour, will remain the real capital, the unchangeable assets, "real estate," as the English term so aptly describes it; that is the kind of investment that appeals to the Frenchman.

A SMALL advertisement which I found by itself among the lot bears out that these cautious people, well advised about realities, have also less material preoccupations. Their intellectual needs are not disregarded, and a well-known circulating library offers "an interesting profit" to "persons" able to canvass for subscribers, promising the prompt supply of all new books. It will be easy work, it says, "as the taste for reading is so readily developing in all social classes." The French may go short of food and fuel, but it would appear from this modest notice that they are whetting their appetite for spiritual provender.

IN PARIS gloom reigns instead of gaiety. Here is the Place de la Concorde in May 1942. Apart from the German transport lorries, the only vehicles to be seen are bicycles and an occasional brougham belonging probably to French aristocrats of the old regime. On the right is the Ministry of Marine, which in June was sprayed with shells from the aircraft flown by Fl.-Lt. Gatward (see page 44) in his daring roof-top raid. *Photo, Keystone*

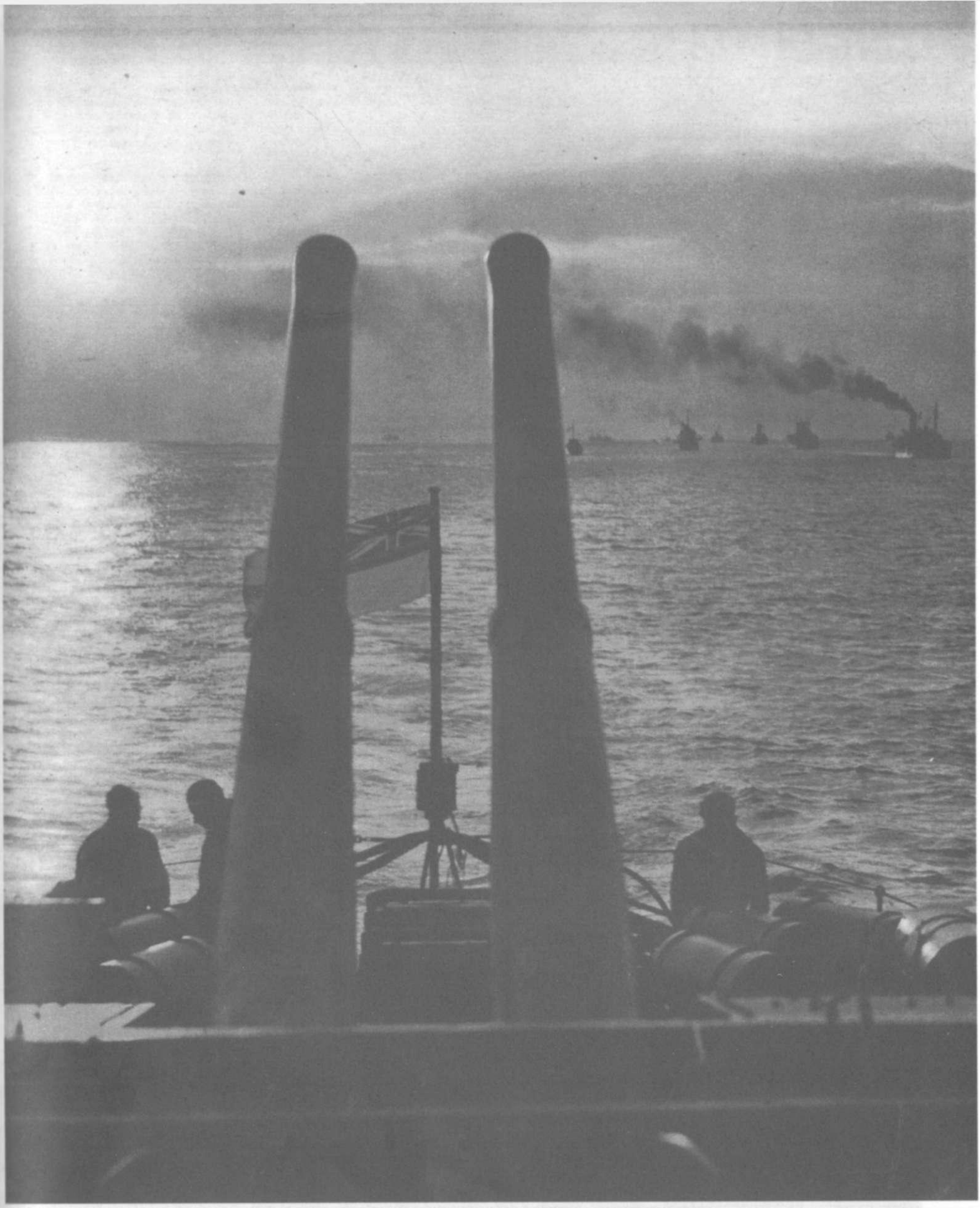
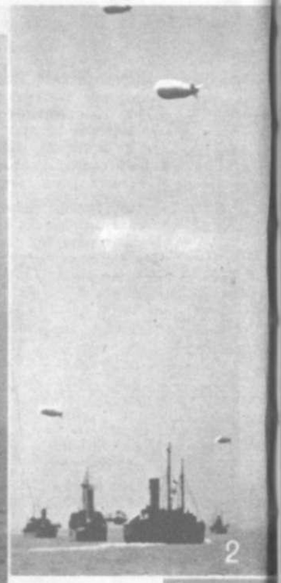
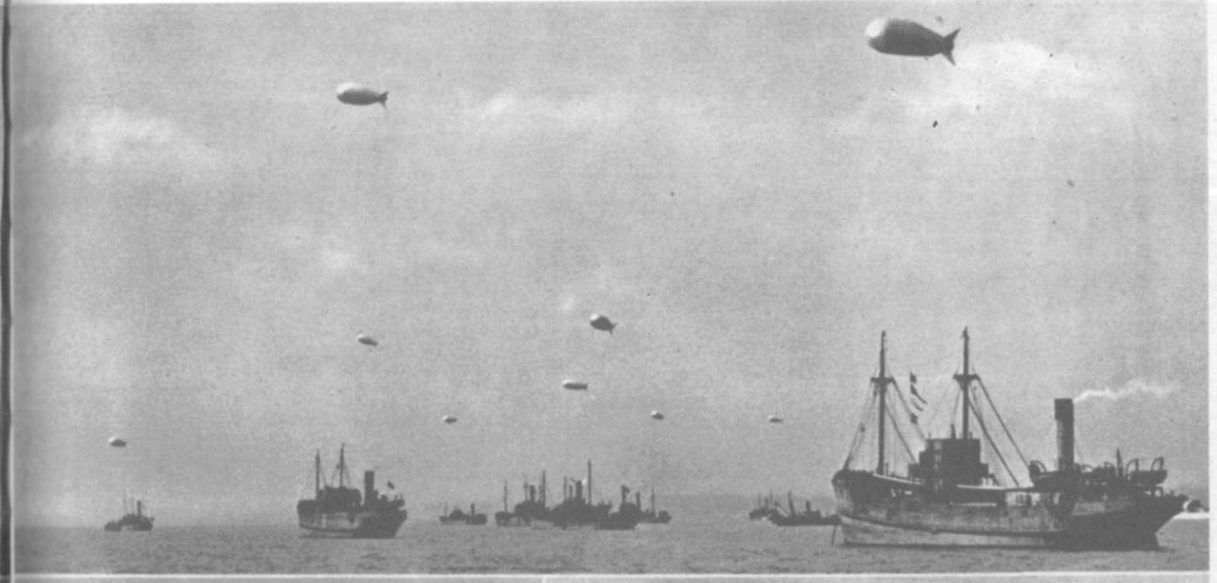


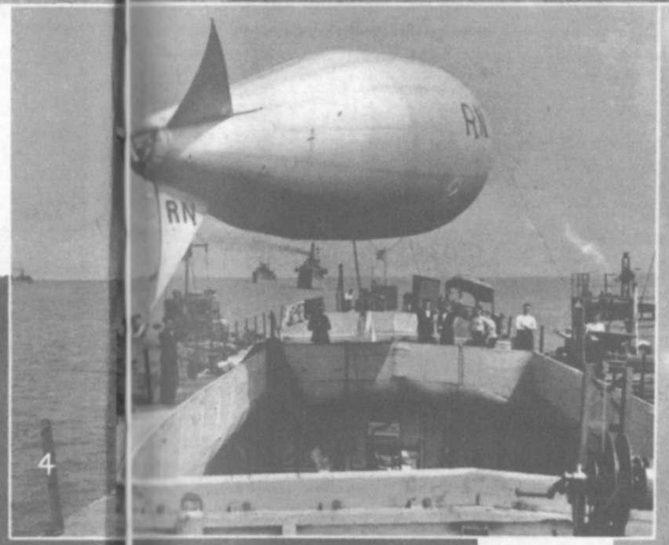
Photo Planet News

At Sunset the Convoy Sets Sail

Seen from beside the guns in the stern of a British destroyer, a convoy of Allied merchantmen stream away to the horizon and beyond. Perchance the ships are carrying men and tanks and guns to one of our armies overseas. Or they may be bound for the Arctic, and their safe arrival will mean yet another link in the chain of Anglo-Russian comradeship.







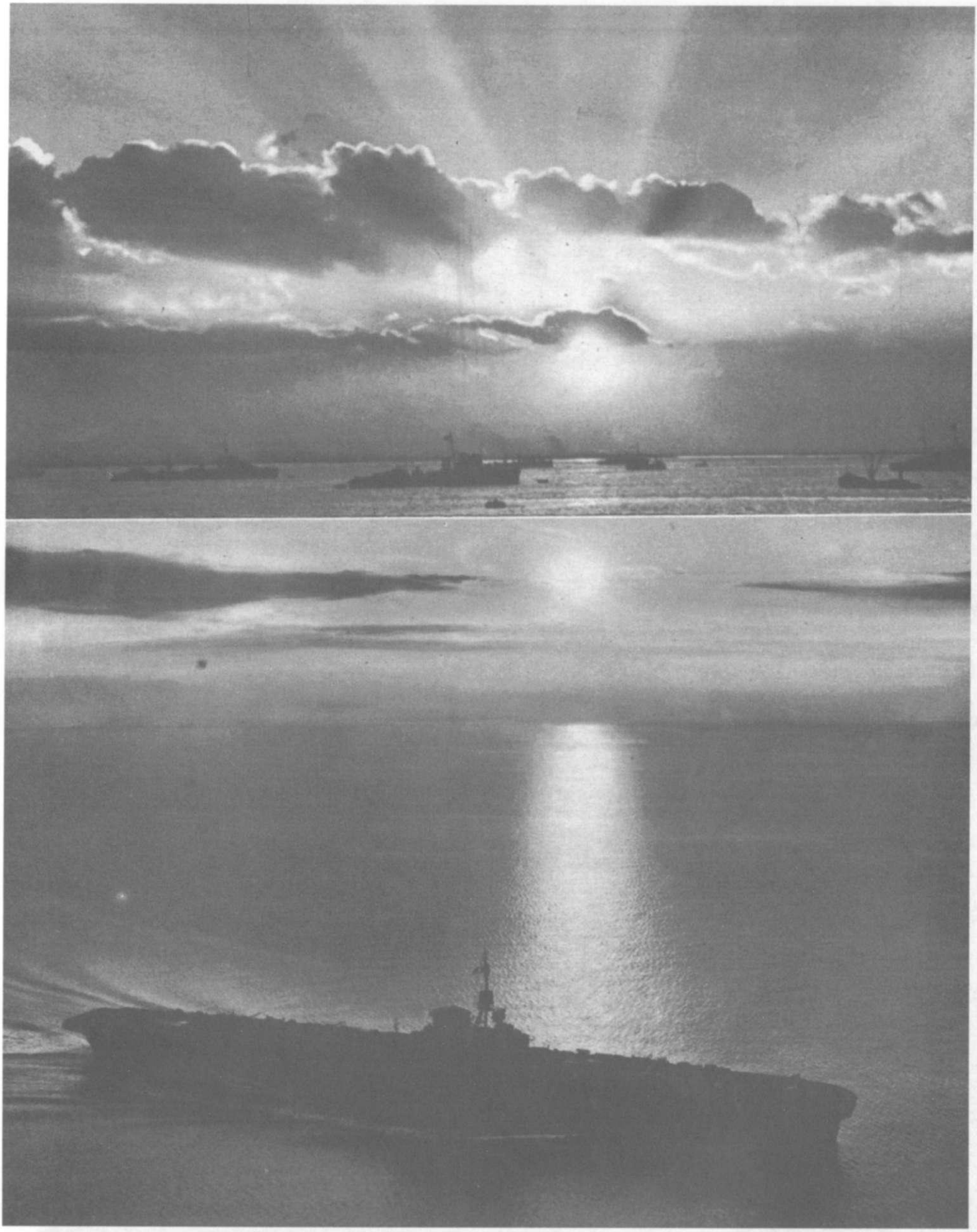
Dawn~The Convoy Well On Its Way

As the sun comes up on a new day the ships are revealed in line ahead (1), flags flying from the masthead and smoke pouring from the regiment of funnels. The convoy presses on (3). The "umbrella" of kite balloons is raised into the sky (2) as a precaution against enemy aircraft which may be tempted into making a mast-high bomb-dive.

Photos, Sp[illegible] & G[illegible]

Balloons that Beat the Dive-Bomber

The kite-balloons—little sisters of the barrage-balloons which float above Britain's cities and vital dockyards and munition centres—are taken out to sea in a depot-barge (4), where they are transferred to a naval drifter which hauls them to the ships of the convoy (5). Hundreds of dive-bombing attacks have been frustrated by these balloons.



Sunrise—In Sight of Port

Photos, British Official: Crown Copyright: Central Press

The voyage is over. The convoy has completed its passage, the task of the guardian warships and ever-watchful planes has been safely completed. But in a few hours, or days at most, the ships will be heading for the open sea again. And Illustrious—the aircraft-carrier whose impressive shape we see below—will be writing fresh pages in an already glorious history.

So This Is How the Americans See Us!

Before they cross the Atlantic, American soldiers are given an official War Department publication called "A Short Guide to Great Britain." As will be seen from the extracts given below, it is written in racy language, and its 32 pages provide a delightfully fresh and not too unflattering —we are relieved to note*!—representation of our national home and character.

IN their major way of life British and American people are much alike. They speak the same language, they both believe in representative government, in freedom of worship, in freedom of speech. But each country has minor national characteristics which differ. It is by causing misunderstanding over these minor differences that Hitler hopes to make his propaganda effective.

The British are reserved, not unfriendly. You defeat enemy propaganda not by denying these differences exist, but by admitting them openly and then trying to understand them.

A 'REGULAR GUY' of the U.S. Overseas Forces now in this country. *P.N.A.*

For instance, the British are often more reserved in conduct than we are. On a small, crowded island, where 45,000,000 people live, each man learns to guard his privacy carefully, and is equally careful not to invade another man's privacy. So if Britons sit in trains or buses without starting up a conversation with you it doesn't mean they are being haughty and unfriendly. Probably they are paying more attention to you than you think, but they don't speak to you because they don't want to appear intrusive or rude.

Another difference. The British have phrases and colloquialisms of their own that may sound funny to you. You can make just as many "boners" in their eyes.

IT isn't a good idea, for instance, to say "bloody" in mixed company in Britain. It is one of their worst swear words. To say "I look like a bum" is offensive to their ears, for to the British this means that you look like your own backside. It isn't important, but just a tip if you are trying to shine in polite society.

American wages and American soldiers' pay are the highest in the world. When payday comes it would be a sound practice to learn to spend your money according to British standards.

They consider you highly paid. They won't think any better of you for throwing money around. They are more likely to feel that you haven't learned the common-sense virtue of thrift.

The British Tommy is apt to be specially touchy about the difference between his wages and yours. Keep this in mind, use common sense, and don't rub him the wrong way.

The British are tough. Don't be misled by the British tendency to be soft-spoken and polite. If they need to be they can be plenty tough.

THE English language did not spread across oceans and over the mountains and jungles and swamps of the world because these people were pantywaists. Sixty thousand British civilians—men, women and children —have died under bombs, and yet the morale of the British is unbreakable and high. A nation does not come through that if it does not have plain, common guts.

At first you will probably not like the almost continual rains and mists and absence of snow and crisp cold. Actually the City of London has less rain for the whole year than many places in the United States. Most people get used to English climate eventually.

Although you will read in papers about "Lords" and "Sirs," England is still one of the great Democracies and cradle of many American liberties. Personal rule by king has been dead in England for nearly 1,000 years. Today the King reigns but does not govern. British people have a great affection for their monarch, but they have stripped him of practically all political power. It is well to remember this in your comings and goings about England.

Be careful not to criticize the King. The British feel about that the way you would feel if anybody spoke against our country or our flag. Their King and Queen stuck with the people through blitzes, and had their home bombed just like anyone else. So their people are proud of them.

In general, more people play games in Britain than in America, and they play the game even if they are not good at it.

The British have theatres and movies (which they call cinemas) as we have, but the great place of recreation is the "pub."

A "PUB" (or public-house) is what we would call a bar or tavern. The usual drink is beer, which is not an imitation of German beer, as our beer is, but ale (but they usually call it beer or bitter). The British are beer drinkers and can "hold it." Beer is now below peacetime strength, but can still make a man's tongue wag at both ends. You will be welcome in British pubs as long as you remember one thing—the "pub" is the poor man's club or gathering-place where men have come to see their friends, not strangers.

You will naturally be interested in getting to know your opposite number—the British soldier (Tommy) you have heard and read about. You can understand that two actions on your part will slow up friendship—swiping his girl and not appreciating what his Army has been up against. Yes, and rubbing it in that you are better paid than he is.

Keep out of arguments. You can rub the Briton the wrong way by telling him "We came over and won the last one." Each nation did its share, but Britain remembers that nearly 1,000,000 of her best manhood died in the last war. America lost 60,000 in action. Such arguments, and the War Debts along with them, are dead issues.

The British don't know how to make a good cup of coffee. You don't know how to make a good cup of tea. It is an even swap.

The British are leisurely, but not really slow. Their crack trains held world speed records, a British ship held the Transatlantic record, a British car and British driver set up world speed records in America.

You will find the British money system easier than you think.

DON'T show off or brag or bluster—"swank," as the British say. If somebody looks in your direction and says, "He's chucking his weight about," you can be pretty sure you are off base. That is the time to pull in your ears.

The British will welcome you as friends and allies, but remember that crossing an ocean does not automatically make you a hero. There are housewives in aprons and youngsters in knee pants in Britain who have lived through more high-explosives in air raids than many soldiers saw in first-class barrages in the last war.

If you are invited to eat with a family, do not eat too much, otherwise you may eat up their weekly rations. Don't criticize food, beer, or cigarettes to the British. Remember they've been at war since 1939.

Don't make fun of the British speech or accents. You sound just as funny to them, but they will be too polite to show it.

You will soon find yourself among kindly, quiet, hardworking people who have been living under a strain such as few people in the world have ever known. In your dealings with them let this be your slogan: "It is always impolite to criticize your hosts; it is militarily stupid to criticize your Allies."

And This Is Our Men's Guide To America

By way of companion to the above, here are some of the most interesting paragraphs from a small blue-covered pamphlet, "Notes For Your Guidance," which is handed to every young Briton who goes to the U.S.A. for flight training.

YOU will not be expected to tell your hosts and hostesses what is wrong, in your opinion, with them and their country. During this war, and probably after, our fate is closely bound up with that of the United States, and we shall need in this country people who understand the American viewpoint and interpret to us their reactions.

You are going to America as guests. Therefore, you will receive almost unbounded hospitality, the American standard of hospitality being as high as any in the world. Remember, that there is just as high a standard expected of the guest as of the host. You will be expected to feel and show appreciation. Do so.

The Americans are a tremendous nation who have built up standards different from our own in many ways. Expect Americans to be different from us. After all, their forefathers and predecessors in the continent fought to be independent of us. Grant them to be so in your mind as they are in fact.

You are going to the United States to learn. To learn your job, and, in doing so, to learn to like and understand Americans. This is almost as important as your technical training.

For Englishmen, ways of speech are often bound up with ideas of class distinction. Of course, there are differences in any country between the speech of the so-called well-educated and that of the ill-educated, and America is no exception, but you must beware of transferring unconscious assumptions drawn from your English experience to totally different conditions. The United States were a revolutionary, equalitarian country all the time the frontier was moving west, and, in spite of changes, remain so in sentiment to this day. Speech is not an index of class position, either way.

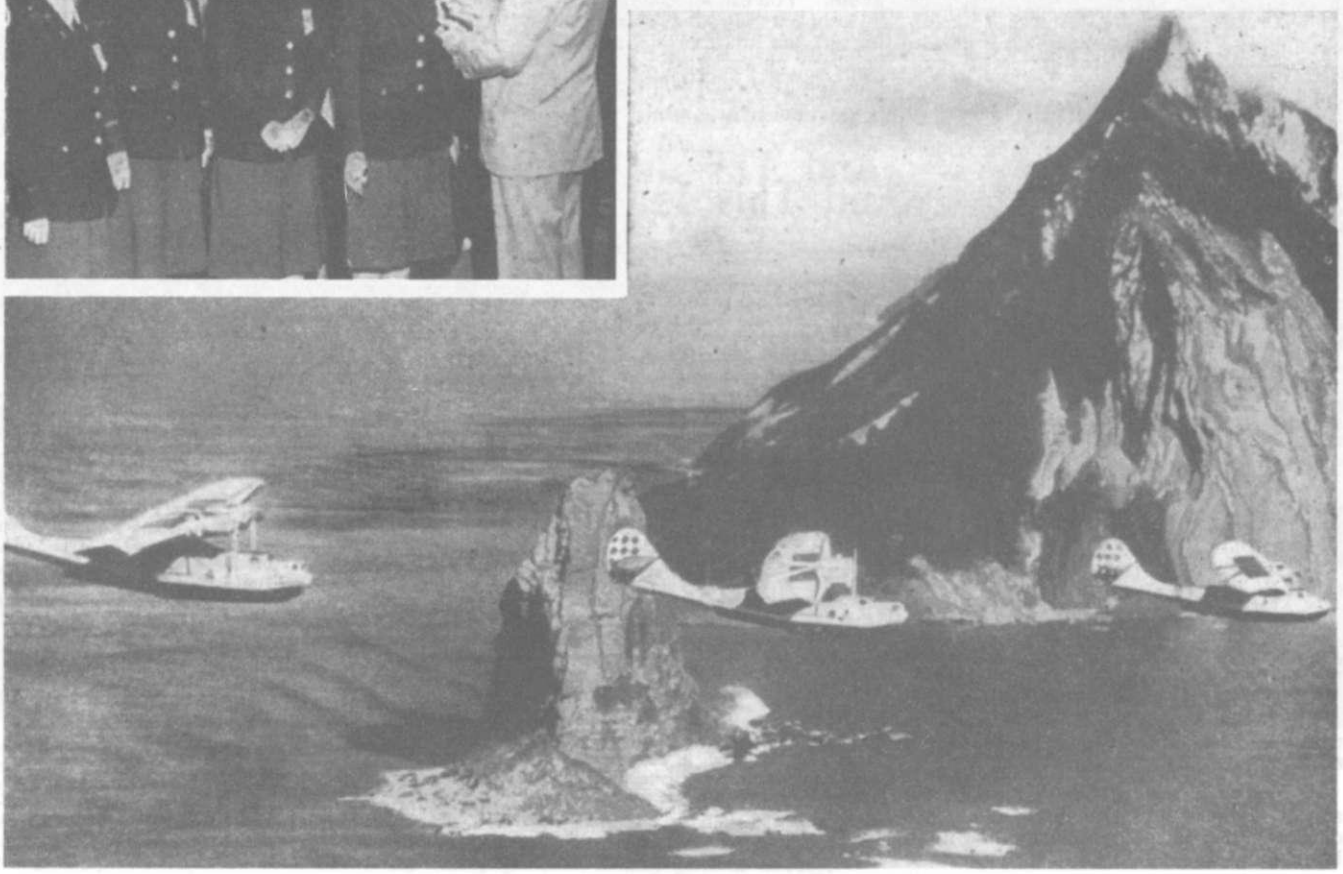
Just as we have a kind of stage Irishman and stage American in the national gallery of literary mythology, so the Americans have a stage Englishman. Don't be offended if you are measured up against certain characters in Dickens, or more likely against Bertie Wooster and Jeeves. It is poetic justice—and you will live down the comparison, and be taken as a regular guy when your hosts get to know you.

You will find plenty of sportsmanship and a code of what is and what is not done. But it is not always our code, and you may be surprised at some of the things that are done.

Don't expect the stately minuet of cricket, with its elaborate etiquette, on the baseball field, and remember that barracking is part of the art of the game. The idea is to win, not just to have a game. That idea is not altogether unknown in some games in other parts of the English-speaking world—and it is not a bad idea for a fighting man.

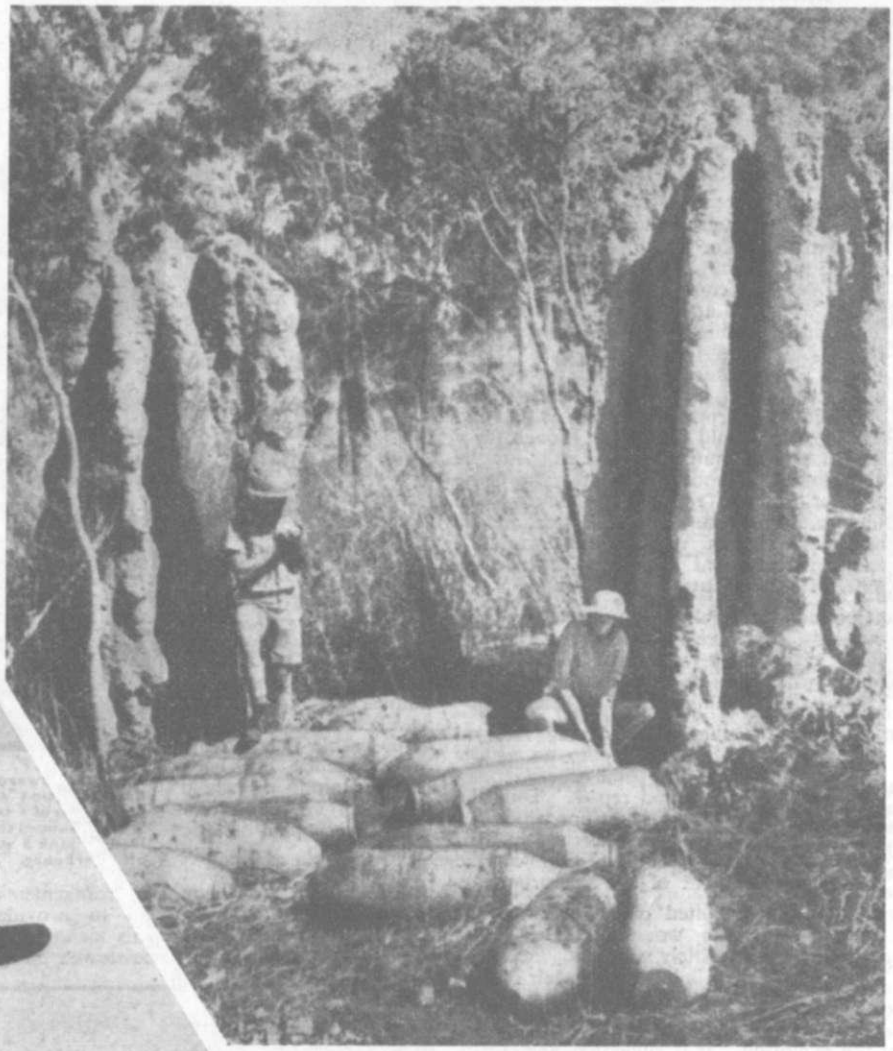
Under the Stars and Stripes They Go to War

AMERICA AT WAR. On Independence Day—July 4, the anniversary of the Declaration of Independence in 1776—200 recruits (above) were sworn into the armed forces of the U.S.A. in front of the Liberty Bell at Philadelphia. - Left, American Red Cross army nurses, heroines of Bataan, being decorated for bravery by Surg.-Gen. James C. Magee. Below, three U.S. Consolidated Patrol bombers on duty off the grim coast of Alaska.
Photos, Keystone, New York Times Photos

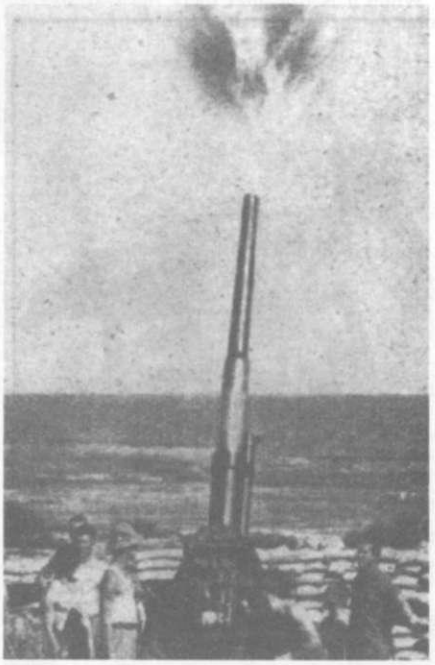


Australia and America: Comrades in Arms

IN NEW GUINEA, at a new American air base, Gen. M. Scanlan (centre) greets Gen. Ralph Royce, head of the Pacific Air Forces (left), and Lt.-Cmdr. Lyndon Johnson.



Near an Australian airfield American ground staff have stored numbers of 500-lb. bombs, aided by the camouflage of giant ant-hills.



Target practice by a U.S. anti-aircraft battery on the Australian coast. Left, two P-39 fighter planes take off for combat from New Guinea.

Photos, Keystone

THE WAR AT SEA

by **Francis E. McMurtrie**

SINCE my last article was written, the outstanding event at sea has been the brief and abortive excursion into the Barents Sea of the German squadron from Trondheim, comprising the 40,000-ton battleship Tirpitz, the pocket battleships Admiral Scheer and Lützow, the heavy cruiser Admiral Hipper, and seven destroyers.

On July 6 this squadron was sighted emerging from the shelter of the Norwegian fjords by a Soviet submarine. Fortunately this submarine was commanded by an exceptionally daring and experienced officer, Commander Lunin, whose exploits had already gained him the distinction of "Hero of the Soviet Union," rather more than equivalent to our D.S.O. He succeeded in torpedoing the Tirpitz before the accompanying destroyers could intervene; though for a short time these hunted energetically for the submarine, they soon abandoned the chase in order to close round the stricken ship. Next morning the entire squadron was sighted by Soviet reconnaissance aircraft steaming southward along the Norwegian coast, evidently returning to Trondheim.

Commander Lunin's prompt and skilful action is considered to have averted an attack by the enemy squadron on an Allied convoy which was then on its way to Murmansk, where it duly arrived in safety.

Whatever the extent of the damage inflicted upon the Tirpitz, it is likely to necessitate her proceeding to Kiel or some other German port for dry-docking and repair. Thus the threat to Atlantic communications which her presence at Trondheim has exercised may be temporarily lifted, since she is much the most formidable unit of the squadron.

It has been pointed out that, since the Russian submarine would naturally have submerged immediately she had fired her torpedoes, the only indication of their having found a target would have been the sound of the explosion. It is suggested, therefore, that the ship struck may not have been the Tirpitz, but one of the destroyers.

While it is true that there must always be an element of uncertainty in an attack carried out in these conditions, the time which elapsed between the discharge of the torpedo and the sound of its detonation should give an approximate idea of the distance it has run. Presumably this would have been taken as a guide by Commander Lunin when he reported that in his opinion the Tirpitz was the ship hit. It seems only fair, therefore, to accept this conclusion in the absence of positive evidence to the contrary. A hasty German denial that the Tirpitz suffered any damage need not, of course, be taken seriously.

Lt.-Cdr. R. P. HICHENS, D.S.C., R.N.V.R., awarded the D.S.O. for determination and coolness in the protection of a convoy. The day this was announced, the light forces he was leading sank a well-protected tanker off Cherbourg. *Photo, News Chronicle*

IN the Baltic the Soviet submarine service has also been very active. Twice within recent weeks the regular ferry service between Sassnitz in Germany and Trelleborg in Sweden has had to be suspended on account of the presence of Russian submarines; and now the number of ships sunk or attacked has become so considerable that a state of emergency has been declared along the whole of the German and German-occupied Baltic coasts. No ships are allowed to put to sea without official permission, and arrangements are being hastily improvised to provide escorts wherever possible. This means that the busy iron-ore trade will be slowed up to allow vessels to proceed in convoy, with a detrimental effect on the supplies of ore upon which the enemy munitions industry depends.

A somewhat similar situation developed during the last war, when in 1915 British submarines under Commander (now Admiral Sir Noel) Laurence held up this same trade for weeks. In those days the Russian submarine service was far less efficient than today, and could afford the British flotilla little aid; but it has evidently digested the lesson and is putting it into practice.

Until recently far too little was heard of the constant patrols which are being carried out in the Channel and North Sea by what are officially referred to as our light coastal forces, an expression covering motor torpedo-boats, motor gunboats and motor launches. These never hesitate to take on superior forces of German craft of the same kind, which, for no particular reason, are referred to in Admiralty communiqués as "E-boats." It would have been less confusing to have employed the German term "S-boat," an abbreviation of *Schnellboot*, meaning "high speed boat."

On the night of July 9 two of our light coastal craft were on patrol off the French coast when they encountered six German minesweepers. Acting on Nelson's favourite signal, "Engage the enemy more closely," they pressed home their attack to point-blank range, sinking two of the minesweepers and damaging three others. Neither of our vessels suffered any casualties.

Less than a week later—in the early hours of July 15—a patrol flotilla under the command of Lt.-Cdr. R. P. Hichens, R.N.V.R., intercepted a small enemy convoy off Cherbourg. This comprised a laden oil tanker, escorted by two heavily-armed trawlers and at least three of the S-boats already mentioned. An attack on the escort was pressed home to within 100 yards, both German trawlers being severely damaged. Our forces thus burst through the enemy screen and attacked the tanker, which was set on fire from stem to stern and was later seen to be sinking. All our craft returned safely to port without any fatal casualties.

It is reported that fire from our 20-millimetre Oerlikon guns was particularly effective, one of the enemy craft being seen to burst into flames after being hit by Oerlikon shells at close range. She is believed to have become a total loss, but our two boats were too busy inflicting damage on the enemy to be able to stop and investigate the results of their devastating fire. Low visibility alone enabled the enemy force to scatter and make good their escape after suffering severe damage and many casualties.

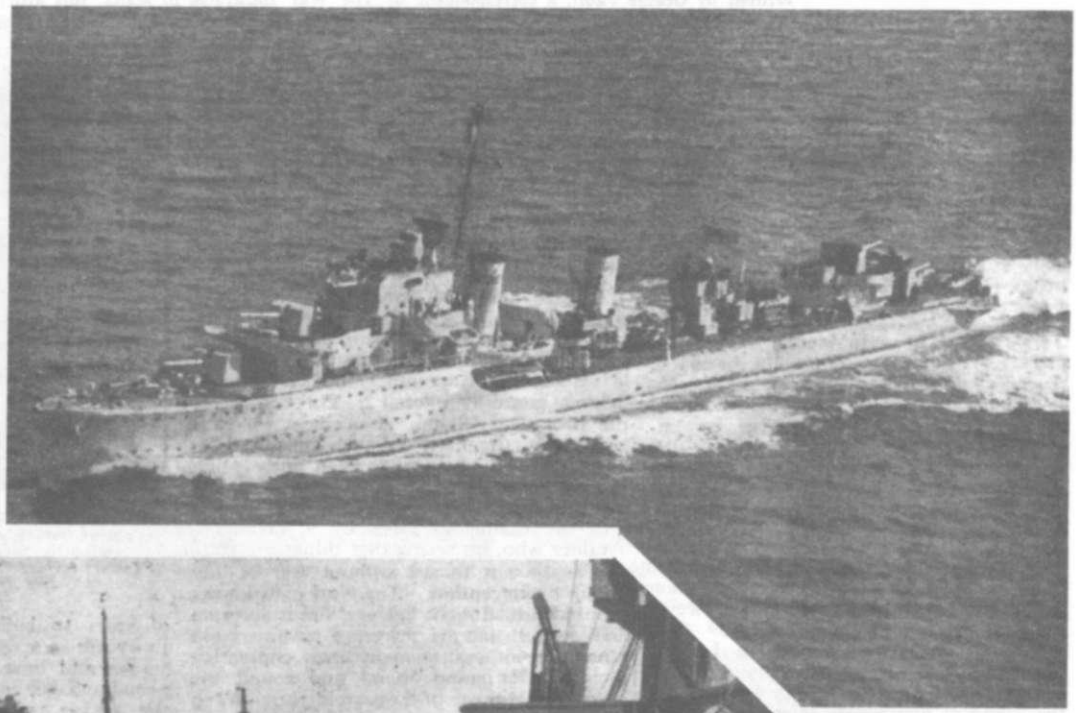
In the official report it is stated that the calmness and undisturbed efficiency of our crews in the face of intense fire enabled them to deal effectively with the superior enemy force. Casualties on our side were slight.

RUSSIAN SUBMARINES, one of which is seen here, have been very active lately in the Baltic, with the result that the flow of Swedish iron ore to Germany has been seriously disrupted. In 1940 the Soviet Navy was reported to include 170 submarines, and no doubt the number has since been increased. *Photo, British Official: Crown Copyright*

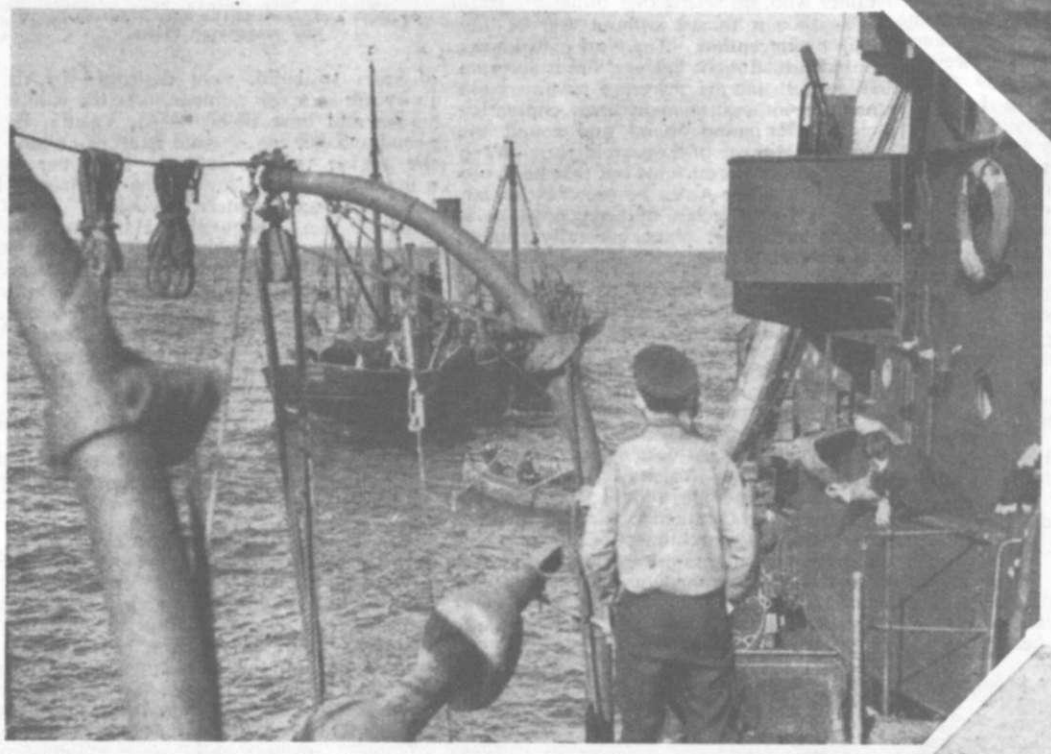
Remains of a U-boat which was rammed by a tanker off the U.S. coast. The bows were badly damaged, the armour plates of the conning tower dented, and the periscope bent. *Photo, Associated Press*

Ships and Planes on the Northern Patrol

British shipping routes in northern waters are guarded not only by H.M. destroyers and other naval craft, but by units of the Fleet Air Arm. Here a destroyer is seen from a patrolling naval aircraft.

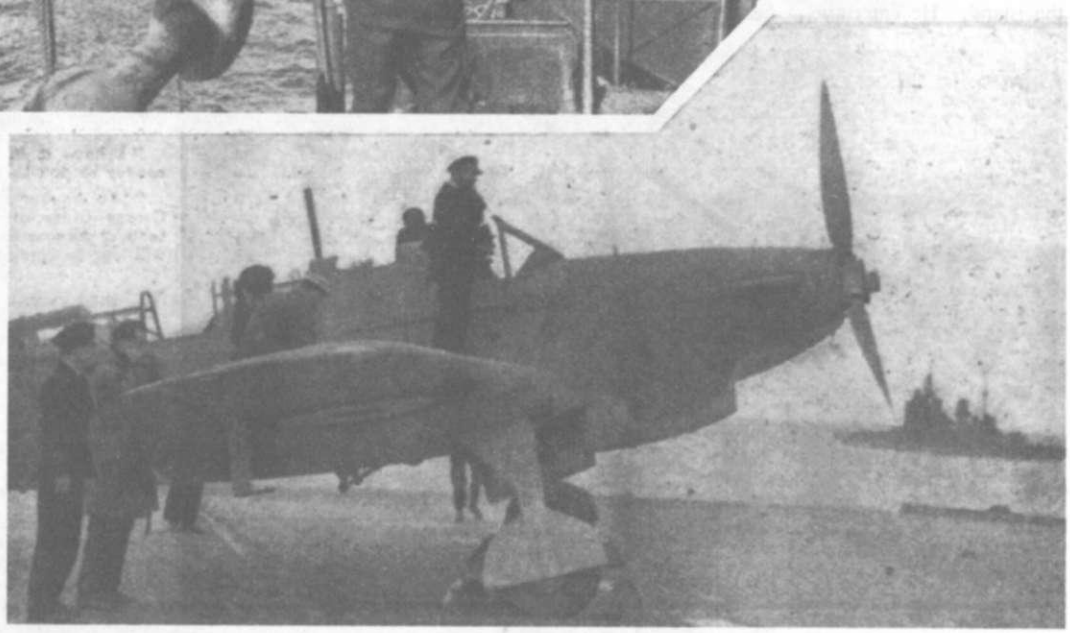


In his endeavours to stop the shipments of Allied tanks and aeroplanes to Russia, Hitler has based some of his large warships, such as the Tirpitz, Scheer and Hipper, and a fleet of Stukas and long-range bombers on Tromsö and other northern Norwegian ports. Admiral Sir John Tovey, C.-in-C. Home Fleet, one of whose jobs it is to keep open these British supply routes, is thus faced by the perpetual danger of attack from the air and also the possibility of these powerful ships emerging from their lairs to attack Allied convoys.



H.M.S. Northern Sky, once a member of the Grimsby fishing fleet and now a naval trawler on Northern Patrol, forgathers with a former colleague in the North Atlantic. A boat has been lowered and is pulling towards the fishing trawler, the crew of which have offered the gift of a supply of freshly caught fish to their friends, whose job now consists in seeking a more deadly and even more elusive prey.

Photos, British Official



Testing the guns of a Fulmar fighter on the deck of an aircraft-carrier engaged in patrolling the Northern trade routes. The Fairey Fulmar is a two-seater monoplane carrying eight machine-guns, four in each wing. Other machines used by the Fleet Air Arm are the Walrus, the American Grumman Martlet, and the Albacore. In northern waters the Germans have the advantage of land-based aircraft, for they have made use of the 24 hours of summer daylight to construct speedily numerous air fields in northern Norway, from which their aircraft can locate and attack Allied convoys destined for Russia.

Our Daily Round in War-torn Malta

Written by George Fabri, a correspondent of The War Illustrated in Malta, this article tells of the ordeal to which the gallant Maltese nation has been, and is still being, subjected at the hands of the enemy air forces.

THE Nazi "good morning" to the little island of Malta is in the form of a reconnaissance plane, crossing the island at a "safe" height, out of range of the A.A. deadly fire. (Not very long ago both German and Italian radio stations credited Malta with being provided with a system of "new, heavy and secret anti-aircraft defences.") A few minutes later a raiding force of Junkers 88 dive-bombers, heavily escorted by Me. 109s, approach the Fortress Island, to be followed later through the day by as many as seventeen raids.

Target No. 1 is, undoubtedly, the big airfield in the heart of the island. In the course of a single day as many as ten or more raids are directed against it. Target No. 2 is another aerodrome, not so large or important as No. 1. Target No. 3 is the harbour area. This last target receives extra attention from the Nazi Air Force when a movement of shipping is apparent.

By day the Luftwaffe attacks in raiding force, varying from three to five planes. The average is 5 Ju. 88s with, say, twice that number of yellow-nosed Me. 109 fighter escort. If the sky is cloudy the Luftwaffe has a good shield to cover its movement. Flying at a great height, they keep crossing the island at half-hourly intervals, searching for gaps in the clouds through which to jettison their bombs. These tip and run raids, aimed with little precision and frustrated by the intense A.A. barrage, cause negligible damage, because a very high percentage of the bombs fall harmlessly in the sea or in the soil. Occasionally bomb-carrying Me. 109s swoop from a great height and let go their bombs. The general rule, though, is for these bomb-carrying fighters to stay in the region of 15,000 ft. and carry out high-level bombing.

On cloudless days the Luftwaffe's activity against Malta relatively diminishes, because of an insufficiency of cloud cover and the fear of the rough manhandling they will receive from the hands of the Hurricane patrolling squadrons.

The early morning reconnaissance plane sees to it that he does not go too deeply into the island. He entertains a healthy respect for our Hurricanes and A.A. fire. Dive-bombing is generally carried out on these fine, cloudless days. The Luftwaffe contents itself with a few determined dive-bombings directed mainly against the harbours and Target No. 1. One thing, however, is worth noting in regard to these raids: dive-bombing as it is carried out today by Nazi pilots falls very short and does not stand comparison with what the Luftwaffe used to do a year ago.

At night the Nazi planes cross the island singly or in very small groups. Searchlights probe the sky for them, and very often succeed in illuminating the night raiders. When conditions permit, Hurricanes, night fighters, generally piloted by D.F.C.s, patrol the skies over Malta. A problem which is not always realized is the difficulty the night-fighter pilot encounters in intercepting the incoming enemy raider. The smallness of the island, 17 miles by 9, favours the raider who, on seeing that things are getting pretty hot, can easily evade the night fighter and make out to sea without fear of any possible interception. The Nazi pilot knows that the British night fighters' fire is accurate and deadly, and he therefore refrains from crossing the island too many times, contenting himself with going round and round the island out of range of the searchlights. When the Nazi night blitzer finds out that he has to deal only with the A.A.s he becomes bolder. He stays for stretches of time, until he is relieved by another plane, generally a Ju. 88 or a Heinkel 111.

Considering the weight of bombs daily dropped on Malta military damage is very small, though civilian damage is very great.

ONE day last spring a crime equal to the destruction of Rotterdam, Belgrade and Warsaw was entered in the "Crimes Book" of the Axis—when 300 of Kesselring's bombers strove to destroy the old and beautiful city of Valetta, the city built by Grand Master Jean de La Valette, the city built "by gentlemen for gentlemen," a veritable treasure-house of history and antiquity. In the sunny, cloudless afternoon the bombers made a deliberate, devastating, devilish attack. All those monuments, which took tens and even hundreds of years to build, were destroyed by the Luftwaffe in a few minutes. As the pall of smoke and dust slowly lifted, Valetta, the proud and fair city, showed to all its children the gaping wounds inflicted upon her by a merciless enemy. Among the irreplaceable losses are many a stately "Auberge" of the Knights, the Banqueting Hall and the Staircase of the Palace, and the Opera House. The people were stunned to witness such destruction; but they were still Maltese, who had inherited from their fathers that iron will to carry on, with bulldog tenacity, and never to stop fighting until victory was assured. Feeling the greatest sorrow for their devastated city, they filled every wall with the exhortation to "Bomb Rome." Valetta is as dear to us as Rome is to the Italians. A consoling element amid this destruction was that casualties numbered less than ten.

L.A.C. ALBERT OSBORNE, who was a taxi-driver before enlisting in the R.A.F. and becoming a torpedo-man, was posthumously awarded the George Cross for "unsurpassed courage and devotion to duty" during fierce air attacks on Malta.

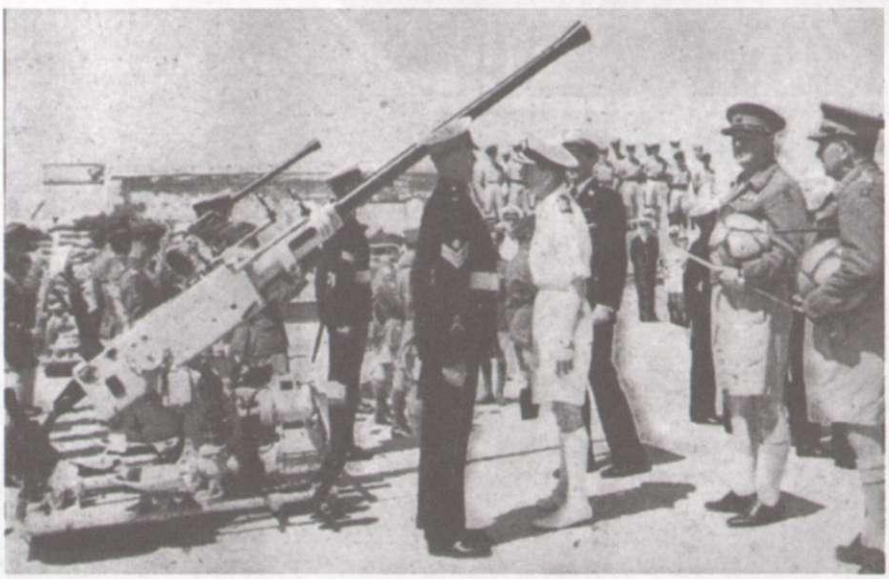
His Majesty the King, conscious of the island's full contribution towards the war effort, and informed of the terrible ordeal Malta was passing through, graciously awarded the George Cross to Malta—a singular honour, never given before to any community in the British Empire. The following is the text of the telegram received by his Excellency, General Sir William Dobbie, Governor and C.-in-C., Malta, from the Secretary of State for the Colonies,

"I have it in command from the King to convey to you the following Message:—

"'To honour her brave people I award the George Cross to the island fortress of Malta to bear witness to a heroism and devotion that will long be famous in history.—GEORGE R.I.'"

WORDS cannot express the satisfaction and pride felt by every Maltese and Serviceman as he heard of the King's most gracious award to the island. Faces brightened as the news was read over the B.B.C. The daily Times of Malta, which displayed the welcome announcement, together with a photograph of his Majesty, was eagerly bought. Raids, bombs and barrages were all forgotten. Malta was feeling very happy.

Far from damping their spirits, the 24-hour offensive against the British fortress in the Central Mediterranean has aroused in the Maltese nation a determination to carry on, unflinchingly and undaunted, with their usual jobs, and has kindled in their hearts an "offensive" spirit to carry the war to the enemy's door.



AT MALTA two Bofors guns figured in a ceremony when they were handed over by the Royal Marines to the Royal Artillery. Vice-Adm. Sir Ralph Leatham, K.C.B., is seen inspecting the guns and their teams before handing over to the Commander of the Royal Artillery (second from right).
Photo, British Official: Crown Copyright

The Fighting French Celebrate the Bastille's Fall

Before the parade Gen. de Gaulle laid a tricolour wreath at the foot of the equestrian statue of Marshal Foch in Grosvenor Gardens, London.

BASTILLE DAY—July 14, the anniversary of the French Revolution in 1789—was observed by the Fighting French everywhere. Above, men of the first Fighting French Commando unit parading at Wellington Barracks on July 14; they are drawn from the Fusiliers Marins, and wear khaki battledress and the French naval cap with red pompon. Below, Gen. de Gaulle presenting decorations.

VOLONTAIRES FRANÇAISES, the equivalent of our A.T.S., drawn up on the parade-ground for inspection by the leader of Fighting France, as the de Gaulle movement is now styled.

Photos, Associated Press, Topical, Keystone, Sport & General, Planet News

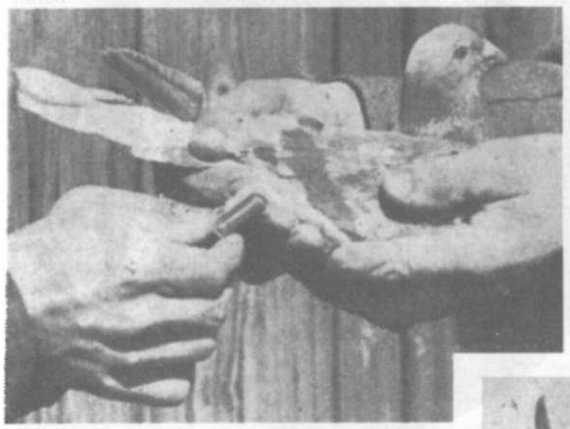
Mme. Jeannette, Army telephonist, received a Croix de Guerre for devotion to duty during the Dunkirk evacua-

Here the Army's Pigeons Go to School

ONLY A BABY, but in the course of a few months this young pigeon, now being cared for by a Corporal of the Army Pigeon Service, will have learnt its job.

AT THE BILLET the birds of the Army Pigeon Service have their individual, well-appointed quarters. Here they are rested after a "lesson" and their flights; here, too, the young are reared.

OFF THEY GO! Taken some distance from their billets, the pigeons are released from the basket; and at once they set out on the homeward journey. A good homer can cover 40 miles in an hour. *Photos, Planet News, L.N.A.*



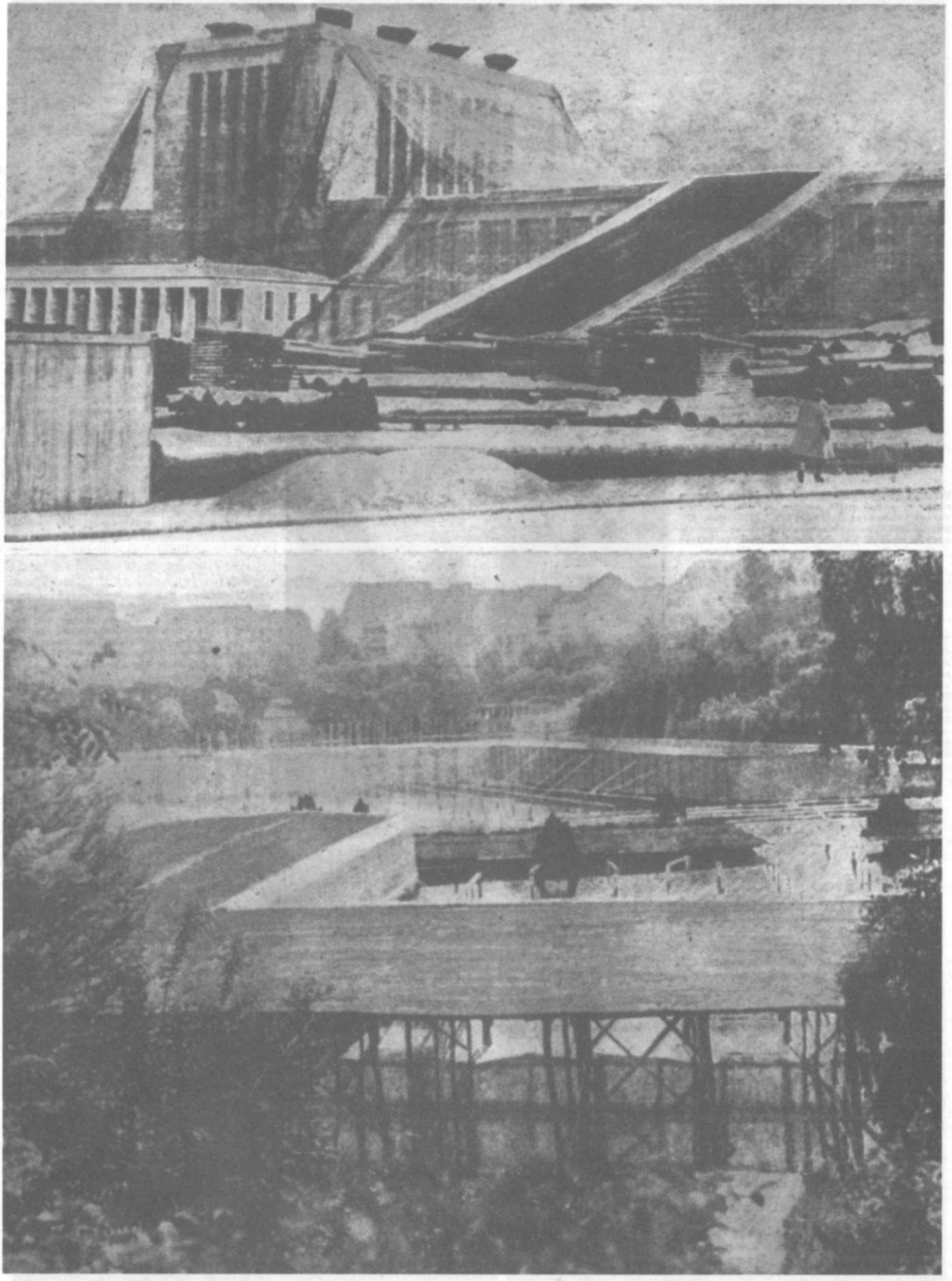
Messages are carried in little metal cylinders which (as seen in this photograph) are attached to the pigeon's leg.

AS in the last war so in this, the Army Pigeon Service is proving its usefulness. The Royal Corps of Signals has its own pigeon units, each under the control of a Pigeon Officer—usually one accustomed to handling pigeons in civilian life. Most of the birds have been loaned by pigeon fanciers for the duration of the War.

Carrier pigeons are used by Signals units in cases where the utmost degree of secrecy must be observed, and also in emergencies when radio communication is impossible and other means of signalling have broken down. They will fly round storms or over heavy concentrations of gas; they never stop for a "meal," though if very thirsty they will come down to take a drink of water they have spotted from the air. A good homer flies at the speed of 40 m.p.h., though exceptionally a bird may cover 60 miles in an hour's flight.

Pigeons were used during the siege of Paris in 1870, and during the Great War both French and British maintained an excellent pigeon service on the Western Front; the first birds were sent across the Channel from England in March 1916. Similar services were established at Salonica and in Egypt and Mesopotamia.

Berlin Camouflaged Against Our Bombers



FEAR OF THE R.A.F. has led to an extensive system of camouflage in the capital of the German Reich. Below, the Lietzen Lake, in the crowded industrial suburb of Charlottenburg, transformed so as to give the effect of a suburban landscape: coloured nets and "roof tops" have been supported on poles driven into the lake's floor. Top, a large building in the Kaiser Damm shrouded in coloured netting so as to deceive the R.A.F. into thinking they are flying over meadows.

Photos, Associated Press

Wartime Subjects for the Roving Cameraman

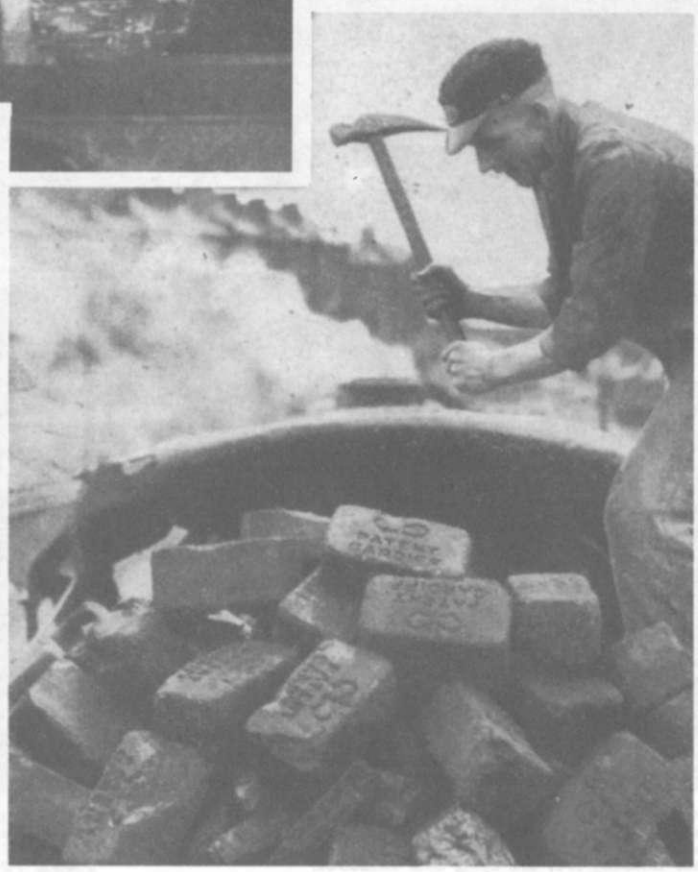
WASTE PAPER being unloaded from barges near a paper mill, where it will be converted into essentials of war. The need for paper salvage is as urgent as ever, and in every house, shop, and office facilities should be provided for its collection.

AWARDED THE V.C.: Cdr. Anthony Cecil Capel Miers, D.S.O., R.N., "for valour in command of H.M. submarine Torbay in a daring and successful raid on shipping in a defended enemy harbour, planned with full knowledge of the great hazards to be expected during 17 hours in waters closely patrolled by the enemy. He attacked in full daylight in a glassy calm. When he had fired his torpedoes he was heavily counter-attacked, and had to withdraw through a long channel with anti-submarine craft all around and continuous air patrols overhead."

These four American airmen (below) were decorated by Maj.-Gen. Carl Spaatz, commanding the U.S. Air Force in Europe, for their part in the daylight raid on German aerodromes in Holland on July 4. They are (left to right) Sgt. Bennie Cunningham, Sgt. Robert Golay, Lt. Randall Dorton, and Maj. Charles C. Kegelman. The last-named flew home on one engine, the other being on fire, after his aircraft had been so damaged by A.A. fire that it struck the ground.

Fuel shortage has now become a serious war problem. Left, one of the many ex-miners released from the Army and sent back to the mines to help build up coal stocks. Below, fuel briquettes being used on a Southern Railway goods traffic engine in order to save coal.

Photos, British Official: Crown Copyright; Planet News, L.N.A., Topical Press, Keystone



I WAS THERE! Eye Witness Stories of the War

When I Left Germany Last May . . .

Released with other American journalists in May, 1942, after five months' internment in Germany, Joseph W. Grigg, Jr., describes in the following article, reprinted from The Spectator, the differences he found in life on the home front in Germany and England.

THE contrast between living conditions in Germany and Great Britain which I found when I arrived in London a few weeks ago was overwhelming. Germany has just passed through its grimmest winter since 1918. The food situation deteriorated markedly during the first four months of this year. The Germans froze in their homes because the catastrophic state of their transport system made it impossible to bring coal to the big cities. Nerves became frayed. Grumbling, despondency and war-weariness increased on the home front.

Superficially, there is much that Berlin and London have in common. People stumble around in the same black-out. There is no great difference in the basic rations. There are queues, propaganda posters, thin newspapers and uniforms everywhere. You meet some of the same wartime shortages, and hear people grumbling about much the same sort of annoyances. But in everything of real importance there is no comparison between the two countries. Food, drink, general living conditions, morale and, above all, confidence in the outcome of the war—in all these Great Britain is so far ahead of Germany that there are times when someone coming direct from Germany finds it hard to remember that this is a country at war at all.

There is absolutely no question that Britain is eating better than Germany. In Germany today practically every article of food is rationed, and ration coupons have to be given up in restaurants as well. That means in practice that the average German gets considerably smaller rations than the Briton who eats at least one meal a day in restaurants or canteens. The potato crop froze in Germany last winter, and potatoes were rationed for the first time. Green vegetables of any sort were practically unobtainable, and the average German family was living to a large extent on turnips, red cabbage and sauerkraut. Bread in Germany is rationed, and the ration was cut during the winter—a particular hardship to working-class Germans owing to the potato shortage. The standard of the bread also deteriorated very noticeably. Today there is no white bread of any sort available, and the standard bread is heavy, soggy and sour-tasting. Full milk is available only to expectant and nursing mothers and small children. Even skimmed milk is severely rationed, and in winter is sometimes unobtainable altogether. The cheese ration is much smaller than in Britain. Since the beginning of the war the Germans have had no real coffee, tea or cocoa and practically no chocolate. They have to drink ersatz coffee made of roasted barley or rye, and various types of herbal tea or peppermint tea. An indication of how badly the Germans miss real coffee and tea is seen in that fact that the black market price of coffee now stands around £4 a pound, and of tea around £6 10s.

Ration Cards for Cigarettes

Drink of all kinds has become even scarcer than in this country. German beer now has practically no alcoholic content. Spirits have almost disappeared from sale altogether. Even Hock and Moselle wines have become scarce and fantastically expensive. As far back as a year ago good Berlin restaurants were charging £10 a bottle for 1937 vintages. The tobacco situation is much worse than in this country. After months during which cigarettes were almost unobtainable a tobacco ration-card was introduced last December. The ration for men is three to four cigarettes a day, and for women three every other day. Women under 25 or over 55 are not entitled to a ration card at all.

CAFÉ LIFE IN BERLIN still goes on, but it is ersatz coffee, made from grain, that is drunk, and there are no rich cakes to be eaten with it, and no cigar to follow. The open-air café shown here is in the Kurfürstendamm. A surprising feature is the number of young men not in uniform. *Photo, E.N.A.*

The problem of footwear for German children is met by the establishment of secondhand depots where outgrown but not yet outworn shoes can be exchanged. *Photo, E.N.A.*

The shortage of all kinds of consumer's goods has become so severe during the past eighteen months that shop counters are almost bare. There is a clothes-rationing card in Germany as in Great Britain, but the ration is frequently only theoretical, as it is practically impossible to buy clothes. Women, for instance, are entitled to six pairs of stockings a year, but often spend months searching the shops before they can find a pair. Mending wool, which also comes on the clothing card, is another thing that is almost unobtainable. The clothes that can be bought are of bad ersatz material that wears out quickly, particularly if it has to be laundered with wartime soap-substitute. Shoes can only be bought with a special permit. Most German women now wear wooden shoes with straw or canvas tops. Shop-windows well stocked with good leather shoes which you see in England are a thing of the past in Germany. Leather shoes are only obtainable after an official has visited your house and searched the cupboards to confirm that the shoes really are urgently needed. In summertime no permits for leather shoes are given at all. Queues are generally much longer than in London. Among the articles I notice one can buy here which have disappeared almost altogether in Germany are shoe-laces, darning wool, leather soles, shaving cream and string.

Little Bomb Damage—As Yet

In Germany practically all building has been stopped, except for the most urgent work approved by the State. The clothing industry has almost ceased production for civilian purposes. Owing to shortage of labour it takes at least six months to get a suit cleaned—if the cleaners accept it at all—and about a year and a half to get one made. Owing to shortage of labour, as well as to save petrol, about 75 per cent of the omnibuses in Berlin have been taken off the streets. Taxis also have almost disappeared, and only persons on urgent official business or sick people on the way to hospital are allowed to take one at all. Infringements of these restrictions are severely punishable. The result is that the streets of Berlin are almost denuded of traffic today. There is no such thing as a traffic jam any more.

On the debit side of the balance there is London's bomb damage. Berlin has experienced about one hundred air-raid alarms since the beginning of the war. But with three or four exceptions none of the raids has been heavy, and the German capital still has to experience its first genuine blitz.

BIR HACHEIM (see page 38) was memorable for the great stand of the Free French who, under Gen. Koenig, held out for so long against tremendous odds. In this striking photograph an attack is being made on Bir Hacheim by dive-bombers. *Photo, Forces Françaises Libres*

'Now It's Hell in Bir Hacheim'

A few hours before General Ritchie gave the order to evacuate Bir Hacheim on June 10, a French correspondent sent this last message from the beleaguered garrison. We reprint it by courtesy of La France Libre.

Now it is hell. A short time ago a strange, unreal silence hung over this grim, battle-scarred little plateau—a silence broken only by the groans of the enemy wounded who, under the protection of the white flag, the Germans are removing from the outskirts of the positions held by Koenig's "ghosts" for fifteen days and nights of mounting fury.

But for the last half-hour artillery and bomber aircraft have been relentlessly, nerve-rackingly pounding our defences. The last attack, which was flung back with severe loss to the enemy—and with some loss to ourselves—surpassed all others in ferocity.

Artillery, dive-bombers, infantry and tanks—the enemy gave us everything he had. The first wave of tanks blew up on the minefields laid by our engineers at great danger to themselves. The next wave was nailed to the ground by our 75s, which for days on end have been barking death and destruction and which are largely responsible for transforming Bir Hacheim into a cemetery of tanks.

I should say some 50 to 100 enemy tanks litter the battlefield—grim hulks which resemble the skeletons of prehistoric monsters.

Rommel—who has latterly been signing the notes calling on Gen. Koenig to surrender—flung more and more metal into the attack, and though his losses grew proportionately greater, some of the tanks broke through our defences and rolled right up to our guns.

When our guns were overrun, it was man against tank. At one post held by the Foreign Legion a German tank scored a direct hit at 20 yards. The officer commanding the post—a calm young man from Saint Cyr—burnt his regiment's standard so that it should not be captured, and then called on his men to attack. With incendiary grenades in their hands, they flung themselves on the tanks like infuriated hornets.

There are some things I can never forget:

The légionnaire who, with blood streaming from his face, climbed on to a German tank and emptied his revolver through an aperture, killing all the occupants.

The sergeant-major who destroyed seven tanks.

The gun crew who, when a shell stuck in the breach of their cannon at the height of the battle, gambled their lives by knocking the shell out with a hammer.

In less than two hours Koenig's men destroyed 37 tanks. Somehow, incredibly, the attack was repelled. The Germans and Italians retreated, seemingly appalled by the blind fury of the defenders.

That moment will always live in my mind. The tanks withdrawing, screening the fleeing infantry. On the ground a ghastly chaos—a mingling of shell craters, dead and wounded Frenchmen, Germans and Italians.

In that moment of victory no cries of triumph, only the indescribable expression of defiance of the blackened, exhausted French.

Since then, and up to 30 minutes ago, there was that uncanny silence.

Now they are pounding us again, and hard. The shelling and bombing are rising to a crescendo. We are straining our eyes to see what they are preparing in the darkness beyond our lines . . .

At this point the message broke off.

'The Hermione Reared Up Like a Huge Whale'

How men sang and joked in the oily sea while awaiting rescue after the torpedoing of the cruiser Hermione in the Mediterranean convoy battles in June was described by survivors who reached Alexandria.

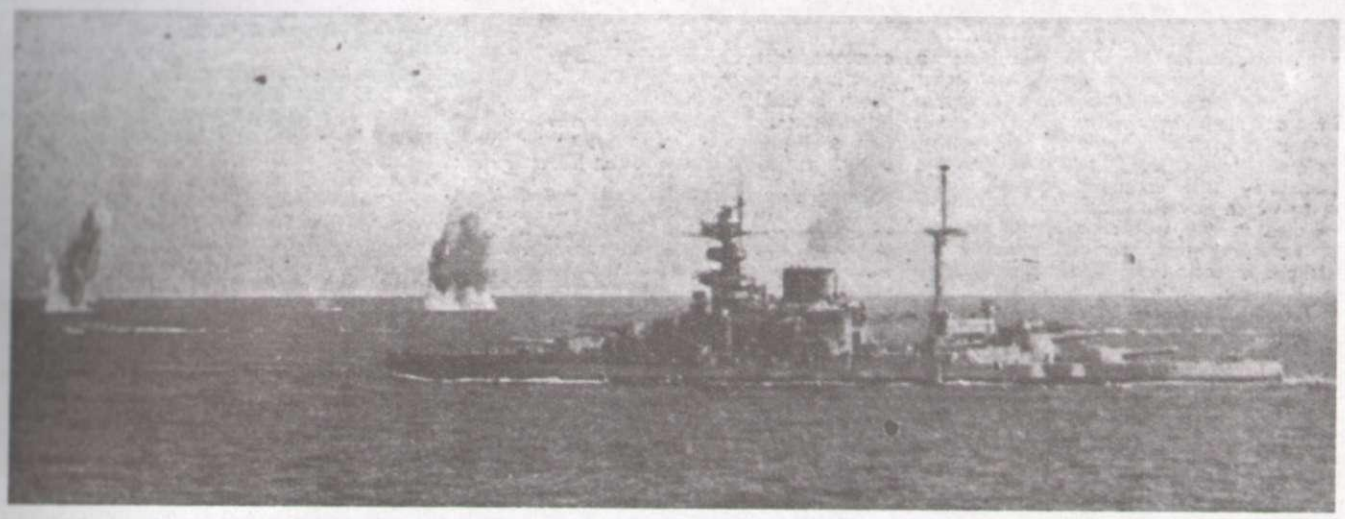
Lieut. Sidney Beadell, of West Dulwich, London, a former Fleet Street cameraman and now a Naval photographer, said: I was having a cup of cocoa in the charthouse of the Hermione when there was a terrific crash. The ship gave a violent shudder and heeled over sharply.

All the lights went out except the emergency lamps. I was flung across the charthouse, but managed to wrench open the door and got up the narrow ladder to the bridge, where I saw the captain directing a signalman who was flashing a red lamp asking for assistance. I grabbed a camera which I had left on the bridge and went down to the ship's waist.

It was impossible to get the whalers out owing to the heavy list. When the order was given to abandon ship some men jumped into the water, while others slid down the hull. The man standing next to me said he couldn't swim, but he jumped and found a piece of wood to hold on to. There was absolutely no panic, and the men were very cheerful, although the water was thick with oil. There was no moon, but the stars were bright.

I swam away from the ship and when I looked round her bows were rearing up like a huge whale. Then she went down stern first. Some of her depth charges exploded on immersion, making us feel as if we were

H.M.S. ARGUS, a former liner converted into an aircraft-carrier, figured in the Malta convoy action of June 14-16. The smoke seen in the background is from one of the 43 enemy planes that were shot down either by naval aircraft or by A.A. fire from the convoy and escort warships. *Photo, Fox*



BOMBS IN THE MEDITERRANEAN. As told in this page, the convoy of which the Hermione was part of the escort was attacked violently from the air and suffered serious losses. The photograph shows bombs exploding near an escorting battleship. *Photo, British Official: Crown Copyright*

being ripped open. After swimming for nearly an hour I found a float with an officer on it. He dragged me on to it and then we dragged on two other fellows. One was the sick bay officer, who had medical supplies slung round his neck and a torch which he kept flashing.

We were unable to use the paddles as these were lashed to the float and we had no knife, so we used our hands instead. But the strong current carried us farther and farther from the destroyers which were picking up survivors. Finally we managed to free the paddles, reached a destroyer and were hauled aboard.

Another officer said: I was in the director tower of the cruiser when there was a colossal explosion on the starboard side. The order to abandon ship was given within five minutes. Timber was cut away and thrown over the side and men clung to the pieces of wood and to floats. Except at the point where she was hit almost everyone below managed to get up before the ship sank. I jumped over and swam away to avoid being sucked down; then I found a float.

While in the water the men sang songs such as It's a Bit Wet, and We're All Together Now, and although the water was thick with oil nobody lost his cheerfulness for a moment.

Here is the story of the battle as told by another of Hermione's crew:

We started westwards with a strong force. On Sunday evening, June 14, there was a dive-bombing attack. Then planes started dropping flares.

The next day we were bombed all day by Stukas. I have never seen such a terrific barrage as every ship put up. It was like a Christmas snowstorm. The whole sky was a great mass of white bursts of A.A. shells.

The destroyer Airedale was struck by three bombs during the attacks, and sank almost immediately. She just blew up in a great cloud of smoke. I thought it impossible that there could be any survivors, but nearly all were saved.

The Australian destroyer Nestor had to be taken in tow after being hit by a bomb, and subsequently had to be sunk.—*Reuter*

OUR DIARY OF THE WAR

JULY 8, 1942, Wednesday *1,040th day*

Sea.—Moscow announced that German battleship Tirpitz had been torpedoed and damaged by Soviet submarine in Barents Sea.

Air.—Strong force of R.A.F. bombers raided Wilhelmshaven at night.

Russian Front.—Russians evacuated Stary Oskol; fighting still going on west of Voronezh.

Mediterranean.—Day and night raids on Malta.

Africa.—In El Alamein sector our fighting patrols took some prisoners.

Burma.—R.A.F. bombers made intensive attacks on Jap-occupied territory.

JULY 9, Thursday *1,041st day*

Sea.—Russians sank two transports and tanker in Baltic.

Russian Front.—Stubborn fighting west of Voronezh and round Rossosh.

Mediterranean.—Thirteen enemy aircraft shot down over Malta.

Africa.—Our mobile columns engaged enemy units and forced them to move northwards.

China.—Chinese recaptured Nancheng, Ihuang, Tsungjen and Changsuchen.

Australia.—Allied aircraft raided Dilli in Portuguese Timor.

JULY 10, Friday *1,042nd day*

Sea.—British submarine sank two enemy supply ships in Mediterranean.

Russian Front.—Rossosh evacuated by Russians; fighting round Kazemirovsk, to the south.

Africa.—At El Alamein our troops attacked in northern sector and made five-mile advance; in southern sector enemy advancing eastwards was engaged.

China.—Japs made new landing in Chekiang at Juian, near Wenchow.

Australasia.—Jap bombers made heavy attack on barracks and shipping at Port Moresby.

JULY 11, Saturday *1,043rd day*

Air.—Several squadrons of Lancaster bombers attacked submarine building yards at Danzig and Flensburg by day.

Russian Front.—Fierce fighting on outskirts of Voronezh; battles also raging at Kantemirovka and Lisichansk.

Africa.—Our troops in northern sector consolidated positions in captured territory; 2,000 prisoners taken. Light naval units and naval aircraft attacked Mersa Matruh.

China.—Japs occupied Wenchow on Chekiang coast; Chinese recaptured Futou Island near Foochow.

U.S.A.—Jap cruiser bombed at Kiska, Aleutians.

Australasia.—Jap bombers attacked shipping at Port Moresby, where, it was announced, American troops are stationed.

JULY 12, Sunday *1,044th day*

Russian Front.—Russians evacuated Kantemirovka and Lisichansk; fighting at approaches to Voronezh and in neighbourhood of Boguchar.

Africa.—Enemy attack driven off in northern sector. Heavy raid by R.A.F. on Tobruk.

Burma.—R.A.F. bombers attacked Jap concentrations in Kalewa area.

JULY 13, Monday *1,045th day*

Sea.—Announced in Canada that three Allied ships had been torpedoed and sunk in Gulf of St. Lawrence.

Air.—Strong force of bombers attacked Ruhr by night.

Russian Front.—Fierce fighting round Voronezh and Boguchar; further Russian withdrawal east of Lisichansk.

Africa.—Enemy tank and infantry attacks beaten off in northern sector.

JULY 14, Tuesday *1,046th day*

Russian Front.—Fierce fighting round Voronezh and Boguchar.

Africa.—Enemy tanks and infantry attacked at Tel el Eisa.

Australasia.—Allied air units raided Alor Island, off Timor, and aerodrome at Salamaua, New Guinea.

General.—Vichy rejected proposals by President Roosevelt for removal of immobilized French warships at Alexandria to a safe port.

General de Gaulle's movement changed its name to "Fighting France" (La France Combattante).

JULY 15, Wednesday *1,047th day*

Sea.—Our light coastal forces destroyed a heavily-escorted enemy tanker off French coast.

Air.—Nearly 200 Spitfires took part in intensive fighter sweeps over N. France.

Russian Front.—Russians announced evacuation of Boguchar and Millerovsk; heavy fighting round Voronezh.

Africa.—In central sector our forces captured ridge to S. of El Alamein. In north enemy were partially successful at Tel el Eisa.

Burma.—R.A.F. bombers renewed attacks at Kalewa.

JULY 16, Thursday *1,048th day*

Air.—Stirling bombers made daylight attack on submarine building yards at Lübeck and Flensburg. The Ruhr was also raided by day.

Russian Front.—Fighting continued in area of Voronezh.

Africa.—Tank battle developed in central sector for possession of Ruweisat ridge.

Burma.—R.A.F. made low-level attacks on Akyab.

China.—Chinese recaptured Tsingtien in Chekiang. Allied bombers raided Hankow.

JULY 17, Friday *1,049th day*

Air.—Single aircraft of Bomber Command raided the Ruhr in daylight.

Russian Front.—Fighting round Voronezh and S.E. of Millerovsk.

Africa.—Efforts to dislodge our troops in northern sector failed. Tobruk raided in force by heavy bombers, while our naval aircraft and light naval forces attacked Mersa Matruh.

China.—Chinese recaptured Wenchow and Juian.

U.S.A.—Washington announces that Japs have occupied undefended islands of Kiska, Attu and Agattu in the Aleutians.

JULY 18, Saturday *1,050th day*

Air.—Lancaster bombers raided the Ruhr in daylight. Russian bombers attacked Königsberg.

Russian Front.—Fighting continued round Voronezh and S. of Millerovsk.

Africa.—In central sector our troops advanced along Ruweisat ridge. Tobruk raided by our heavy bombers and Mersa Matruh bombarded by our naval forces.

Burma.—R.A.F. bombers made attacks in Kalemyo area.

China.—Chinese recaptured Hengfeng and Iyang in eastern Kiangsi. Allied bombers made surprise attack on aerodrome at Canton.

JULY 19, Sunday *1,051st day*

Air.—Large-scale attacks by our bombers and fighters in N. France. By night four-engined bombers raided submarine building yards at Vegesack, near Bremen.

Russian Front.—Evacuation of Voroshilovgrad announced by Russians; fighting continued in Voronezh area and S. of Millerovsk.

Africa.—Our troops maintained their positions in all sectors. Since July 14 4,000 prisoners taken.

China.—Allied air force bombed Jap headquarters at Linchuan. Chinese recaptured Chienteh in western Chekiang.

JULY 20, Monday *1,052nd day*

Sea.—Admiralty announced loss of H.M. whaler Cocker and H.M. trawler Kingston Ceylonite.

Air.—Russian bombers again raided Königsberg.

Russian Front.—In region of Voronezh the Russians captured a bridgehead.

Africa.—Patrol activity on land; large-scale air attack on enemy aerodrome near Fuka. Navy again bombarded Mersa Matruh.

China.—Japs recaptured Wenchow.

Burma.—R.A.F. renewed their attacks on Akyab.

Australasia.—Jap bombers damaged aerodrome in raid on Port Moresby.

JULY 21, Tuesday *1,053rd day*

Air.—R.A.F. fighters made low-level attacks in occupied France and Belgium. Single aircraft raided N.W. Germany by day; strong force of bombers raided Duisburg and the Ruhr by night.

Russian Front.—Fighting continued in area of Voronezh and S.E. of Voroshilovgrad.

Mediterranean.—Allied bombers made daylight raid on shipping in Suda Bay, Crete.

Africa.—N.Z., Indian and S. African infantry launched attack on enemy positions during the night.

Burma.—R.A.F. attacked coastal craft in Akyab area and Jap base at Kalewa.

Australasia.—Allied bombers attacked Jap convoy off New Guinea.

U.S.A.—Navy Dept. announced that American submarines had sunk three more Jap destroyers near Kiska.

Editor's Postscript

No matter how long the War goes on (and that's a subject on which now that I am far more optimistic I find some of the early optimists taking longer views !) the story of Malta will retain its epic quality. One's admiration goes out to these splendid islanders for their endurance in the greatest test to which any community has ever been subjected in the whole course of history, not excepting their remote ancestors of Carthage in their three years' resistance to the Romans. Watching a newsreel last night which had been "shot" on board a ship of that great convoy which fought its way through the savage air, sea, and undersea attack launched against it by the Axis, as the ship approached Valetta the picture of destruction that unfolded was terrific. Every one of the lovely old buildings that were steeped in history had been battered into shapeless ruin. It seemed hardly possible that human life could endure in such a shambles But the inhabitants of the star city of the Crusaders—"a city built by gentlemen for gentlemen" —were proving worthy of the knights of old.

MAJ.-GEN. CARL SPAATZ, appointed to command the U.S. Air Force in the European Theatre, was one of the first U.S. airmen to go overseas in the war of 1914-18. *Photo, Planet News*

From no single spot of British overseas resistance have I had so many letters. The most of my correspondents have been youths in their teens, who all write excellent idiomatic English, and display an enthusiasm for the British cause that is not outdone even in Britain itself. Although the Italian language and Italian names are common in Malta the local hatred of Italy is so intense that I have even had protests from my young readers there, whose own names are still Italian, because Italian names had been given to some places on the Island in a map I published, whereas these names had recently been discarded and others more English in form adopted ! Although I have printed a number of extracts from my Malta correspondence, I have not been able to give more than a tiny part of the whole. One of Mr. Fabri's letters to me, recently to hand, resembled one of these lace-like patterns made by tearing newspaper, after it had passed the ordeal of the censor's scissors ! But I am having some of Mr. Fabri's letters edited for a page in The War Illustrated by piecing together the bits which the censor has left.

Meanwhile, that brilliant Maltese youth John Mizzi, from whose pen I've already given a number of interesting notes, has sent me many pages of manuscript about life in the Island, his latest letter coming to my desk only a few days ago after it had been just about three weeks on the way—pretty good postal work when it sometimes takes three days to get a letter from one part of rural England to another. Sometimes, note, but not often, though these delays do happen to me somehow. John Mizzi at sixteen has the makings of a very fine journalist. I know that at sixteen I could not have written so well ; but in that far and tranquil past I didn't have matters of such moment to write about. The views of my young correspondent are no less interesting than his news, for they give a clue to what Maltese youth is thinking—and remember the total population of Malta is just about the same as that of Portsmouth : few but tough, obviously. In this last letter John Mizzi writes :

I have now received the parts of THE WAR ILLUSTRATED I asked for, and quite agree with what you say about the Navy. What a grand job they are doing ! Had it not been for them I think the Empire would have been knocked out of the fight. The latest example of their work is arrival, through a blizzard of shells, bombs, and torpedoes, of a convoy to Malta. You should have seen our planes, scores of fighters of every type, taking off to protect the convoy. Unfortunately the range at which fighters can operate is not enough to ensure protection through the whole passage. But when the ships were near Pantelaria, our fighters met them and were in time to pounce on a formation of forty bombers and force them to jettison their bombs before reaching the target. After that the enemy left the convoy alone.

A sailor to whom I spoke told me that it was "quite all right" while it lasted. When our fighters began to shoot down the enemy bombers, he said, with a grin, that they wanted to cheer but couldn't ; the guns had to continue firing. He had been on a gun for four days, and he pulled up his sleeve to show me his arm. The sun had turned it red hot and dotted it with blisters.

We here knew before any other place of the mauling the Italian fleet had got in "its lake." We were elated. When the Germans get it in the neck we are relieved, but when the Italians get it we go crazy. And we are nearly always going crazy, too ! We like to see them have it, to see their planes come down as balls of fire. Their navy is made up of men without guts, men who only go out to sea when the ship's engines are tested to see whether they are still good after so much staying in port, and then they go and anchor again. The air force is made up of fighters not even able to match a Camel or an S.E.7. The pilots try to imitate the Germans with no slight trace of success. Then think of their soldiers, so many of them now in India behind barbed wire! It's a good job Italy did not join us. We would then have had to defend Italy as well as ourselves. I hope we in Malta will have a large share in knocking Italy out of the fight.

So that's the spirit that wins in the long run and can suffer until victory. I think that Malta has already done an incalculable service to Britain and the world in standing up to the most vicious attacks which the Hun and his henchmen could devise and after the victory its reward will come. I ought to mention that whenever the youngsters of Valetta go parading through the ruins left by the latest air raid they carry banners on which the favourite slogan is "Bomb Rome !" Many of us would like to know that the modern monstrosities of Italian architecture with which Mussolini has plastered Rome were reduced to equal ruin with its ancient remains ; but that is a task hardly possible of achievement without still further ruining those most precious of ancient survivals. It would suit equally to smother towns like Milan and Turin or Genoa and Naples where the enemy has many of his War factories and little that matters of beauty or antiquity that need be spared. Anyway, I'd rather reserve for Musso and his fellow gangsters—all creatures of a meaner mould than their German masters—a stickier fate than going out under British bomb and blast. "Bomb Munich" is my own slogan and it is beyond my comprehension why we have kept our aerial blows away from the holy city of Nazidom. Some day it must be blasted and I wish we had a modern Cato to keep on calling for that job to be well and quickly done.

I was interested to receive some time ago a letter from Mr. C. J. Hindle of Oxford with regard to the use of the word Hun as applied to Germans. My readers may remember that I made no attempt to trace it farther back than the notorious order of the late unlamented Kaiser to the German troops who were being sent to China at the time of the Boxer troubles ; but it would appear from my correspondent that it has an earlier origin and the Kaiser was only using a suitable name for his soldiers, which will be found in Francisque Sarcey's Le Siège de Paris, where he writes : "nous les (les Prussiens) appelions des Pandours, des Huns, des Vandales."

So it would seem that even the comparatively decent Germans (as we had supposed them to be) of seventy years ago had earned the description of Huns from the literary Frenchmen of that date, who were never at a loss for the right and pungent word.

Since paper economy became imperative I have personally made great use of old envelopes which have brought me bills and company reports. Indeed, many of my investments are yielding me no other dividend these days. Its astonishing how a bit of gummed paper folded over the slit edge of an envelope enables you to re-use it. Post Office returns show that only one in ten of the envelopes is an old one re-used. The percentage could be raised to at least two out of three and this is what it must come to, as only 15 per cent of the pre-War Supply is now permitted by the Paper Controller.

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